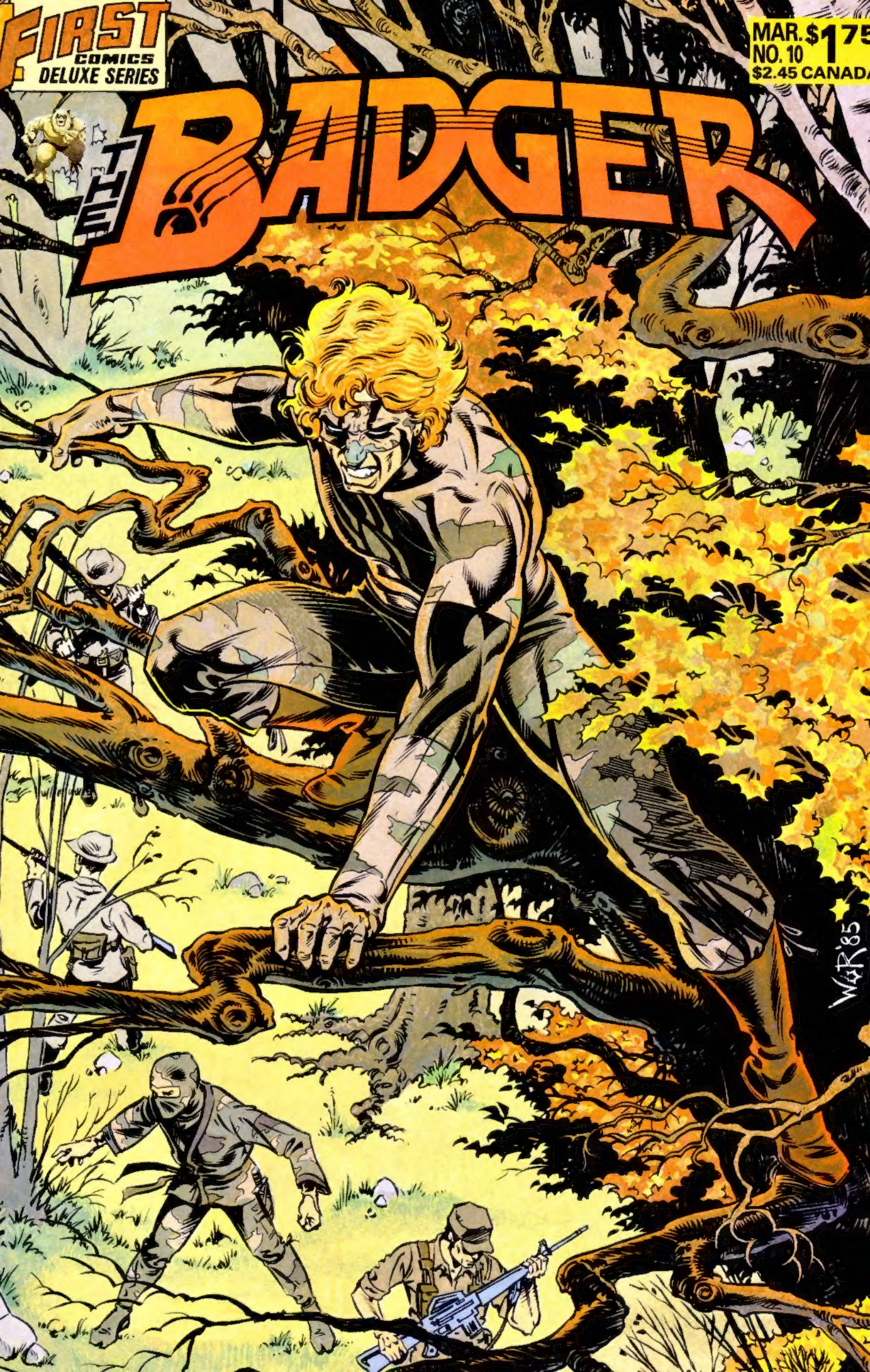


FIRST
COMICS
DELUXE SERIES

MAR. \$1.75
NO. 10
\$2.45 CANADA

THE BADGER



War '85

Dear LARRY,:

C/O FIRST COMICS
435 N. LASALLE
CHICAGO IL
60610

Dear Badgerers:

So we have learned the Badger's secret. Or have we? Revealing as the last few issues have been, I question whether even this new knowledge of childhood trauma can explain Norbert Sykes to us.

Frankly, Daisy Fields reminds me of no one more than the psychiatrist at the end of *Psycho* — glib, intelligent, reasonable, even (especially) reassuring. Ah, so that's what it was all about. But really, what do his explanations have to do with Norman/Mom sitting there in the next room, watching the flies? There's more to heaven and earth and the Badger than is dreamed of in anyone's philosophy.

Or Rosebud. We learn what Rosebud is, but do we ever fully understand what Charles Foster Kane is?

Jill Beifus
312 13th St. #7
Charlottesville, VA 22903

Dear Badger-Editor,

My, but this is getting kind of serious, isn't it? A mag that started off as sharp humor tinged by a serious reality is now, with #7, turning into a series with serious reality tinged by sharp humor.

But I like it. The story has an *edge* to it. The reader was not too sure exactly where the story was going, exactly what the mood should be. As the saying goes, one had to laugh to keep from crying — or is it cry to keep from laughing?

The Badger had seemed before like a semi-likable weirdo, but now the Badger is a tragic figure, far more complex than we had thought. One of the many questions now swimming in my mind is: in the context of his psychological problems, is the Badger's violence a good thing or a bad thing? Is it a sign of inner sickness and turmoil or a noble battle against the forces that would destroy him?

And I must say I can feel some sympathy and empathy for the Badger's situation. I mean, any person with a "secret identity" knows a little of what's going on here. And I don't just have two identities, I have several. Among them: Bizarro Maple, L'il Buddy Maple, Judge Maple (a la Judge Dredd), CK "Maximum Dollar" Maple (a lawyer), Dr. B. Maple (an MD, also known as "Cousin Bernie") and Nasty Maple (guess).

These identities are all taken up in a spirit of good fun, but I must say that it is interesting and a little big scary the way you can really get into the identity and start thinking like that character. T.M. Maple is just another name for the real me — but the others are constructs, different

from me, saying things that T.M. wouldn't — yet I find identification with them. (And don't even ASK about Mirror Maple.) But I guess that's what mental illness is: an extreme form of normal mental situations.

And there's "Clean" Maple, Cat Maple, Reagan Maple, Fogleg Maple, Mutate Maple, T.M. Acorn...

T.M. Maple
Box 1272, Station B
Weston, ONT M9L2R9

And a lovely grove of coconuts you all are, T.M.



Dear Larry, Moe, and Curly,

I am writing this letter to express my sincere feelings on issue #7 of *The Badger*. It is the best issue so far. It even tops my former favorite, the one entitled "Dogfight" from the old *Capital* days.

Each page had me enthralled and I even read it over again. Let me just say it was great. Keep up the good work and you'll have a classic on your hands.

Now for the individual kudos. First Comics knows good writers when they see one and in Mike Baron they've found a true genius. There are not enough words to describe the sensation and revelation one discovers with each succeeding issue. The characters are perfect. Do not, I repeat DO NOT get rid of any of them except for an occasional bad-guy here and there. I salute you.

Secondly, First Comics also knows their artists. Bill and Jeff are a great team. Keep them on the book forever. Oh yeah, I caught the Blazer look-alike on page 21 (or was that really her?). I was always wondering what happened to her and her fellow Justice Machiners. Their last appearance, as far as I know, was J.M.

Annual #1, also drawn by Bill and Jeff. Hey! How about First Comics picking up *Justice Machine*! It could be a bi-monthly title or a feature in *First Adventures*. Please think seriously about it, guys.

... And since we're on the subject of defunct series, what about *Ms. Mystic*, if Neal Adams is willing, of course. Great idea, I'm telling you.

Until Ham becomes the weatherman on the 6 o'clock news.

Ili the Pill
78 Addison Street
San Francisco, CA 94131

Ms. Mystic, eh? Say, Mr. Mike, what do you think the market is for a bi-annual?

We'll take it under advisement, Ili. (Why does everyone assume we've become the elephant's graveyard of comics?)



NEXT ISSUE: Yeti meets Turtleman, as *The Badger* meets the punks!

— John Ostrander

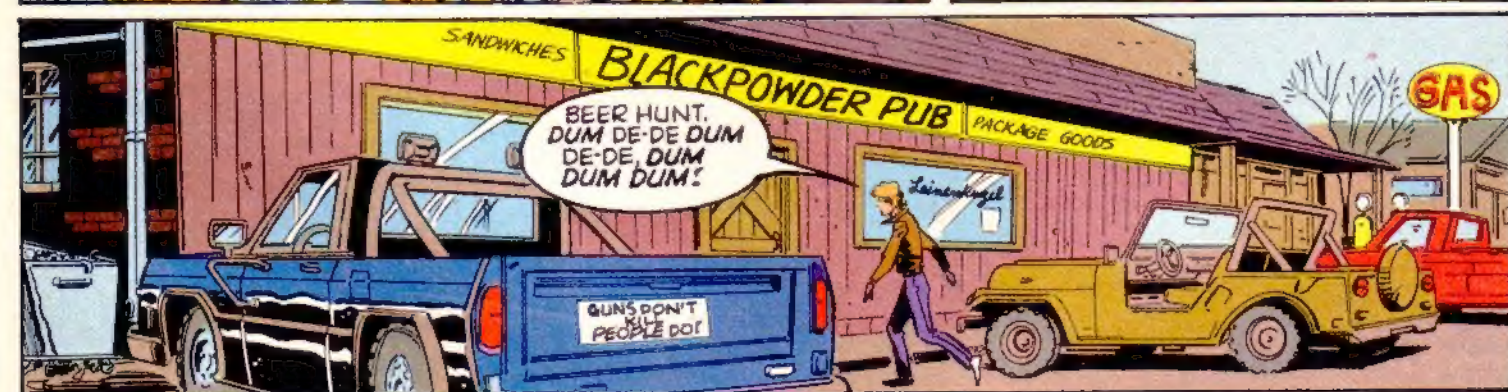
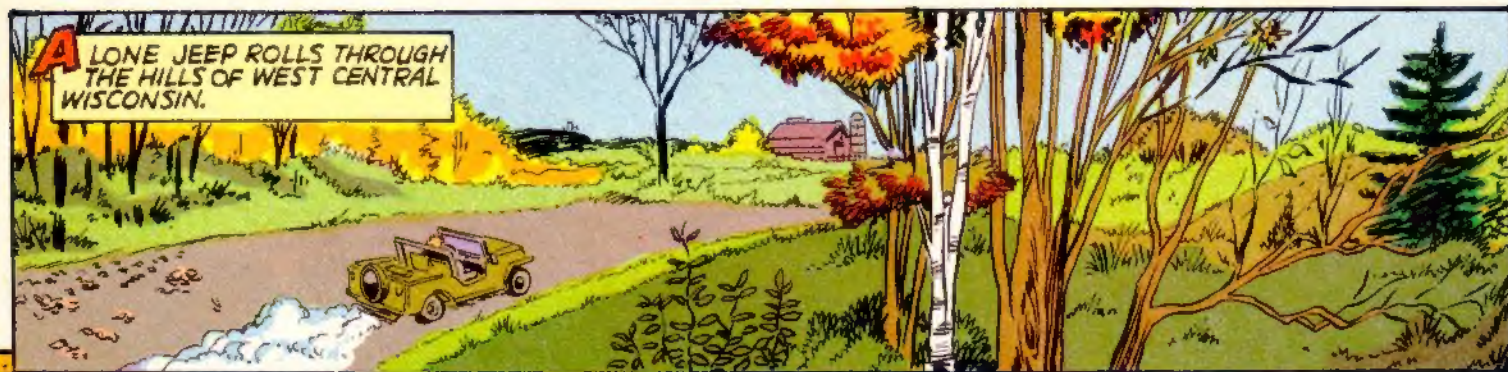
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THE BADGER® Vol. 1, No. 10, March, 1986.
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**A FIRST COMICS
PUBLISHING PRODUCTION**





YEAH!

MISTER, TAKE MY
ADVICE. DRIVE STRAIGHT
ON THROUGH. YOUR
KIND AIN'T WELCOME
HERE.

MIKE BARON
WRITER
BILL REINHOLD
PENCILLER
SAM DE LA ROSA
MIKE GUSTOVICH
INKERS

THE BADGER EFFIGY MOUND

L. LOIS BUHALIS
LETTERER
LINDA LESSMANN
COLORIST
MIKE GOLD
EDITOR

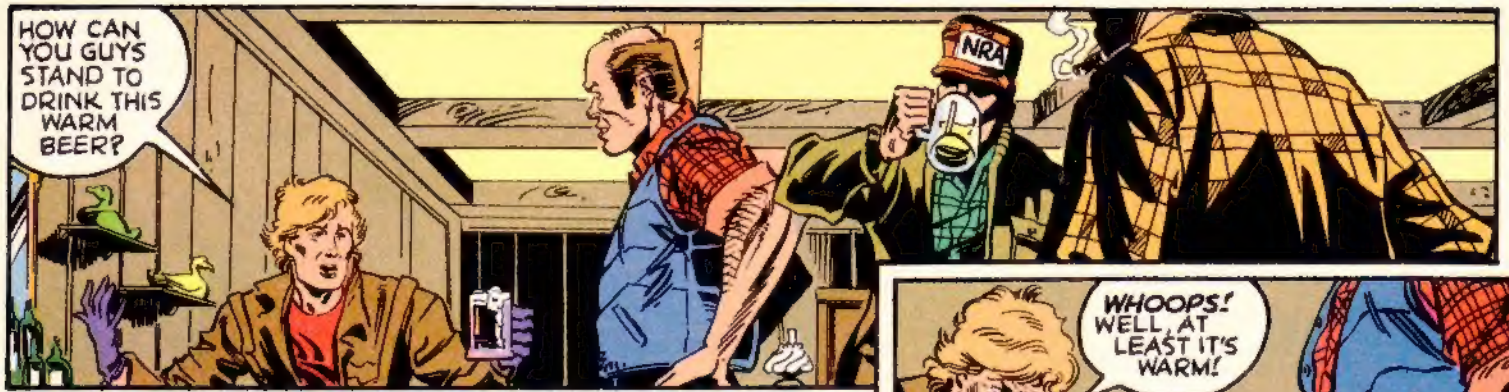
MY KIND?! I
THOUGHT I WAS THE
ONE AND ONLY! WHAT
KIND AM I?

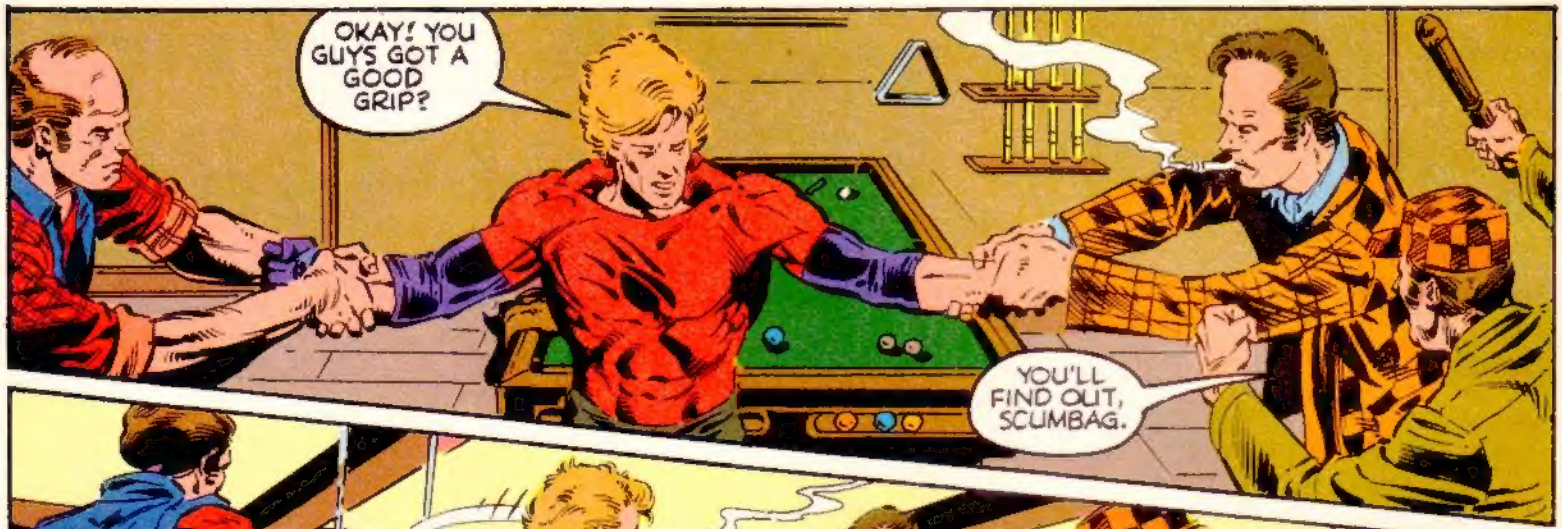
HIPPY FAGGOT
COMMIE DOPERS WHO
REFUSE TO STAND
UP FOR THEIR
COUNTRY.

PROBLY RUNNING
A LOAD OF MARIJUANA
OR SOME SUCH UP TO
THAT BASTARD RIGHT
NOW.



OH! HA HA
HA! THAT
KIND!





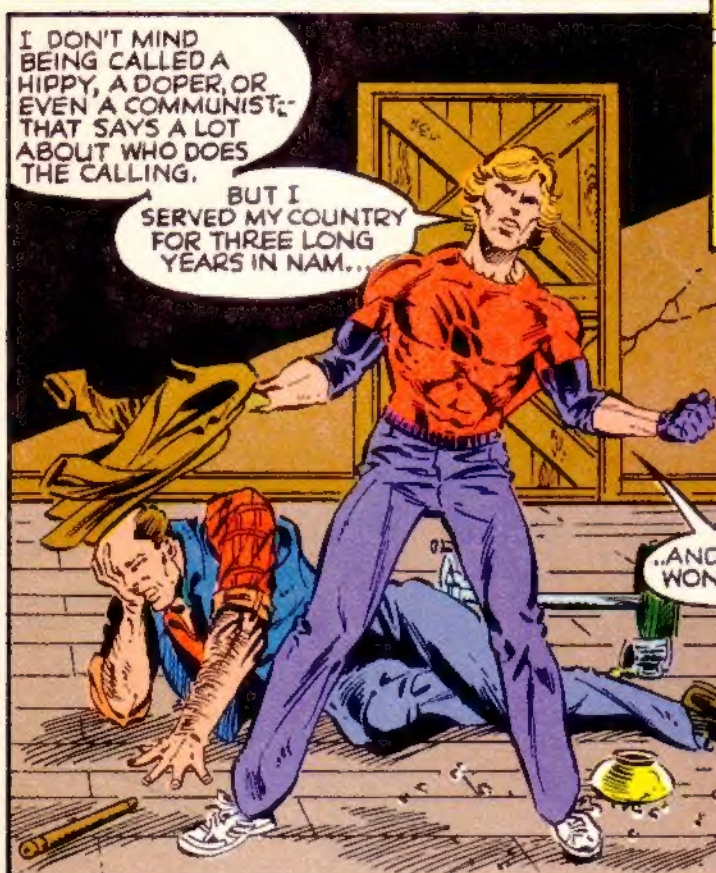


JEEZ-- THEY
MUST BE ON DRUGS
OR SOMETHING!



DUMB
DRUGS!

OWW!



I DON'T MIND
BEING CALLED A
HIPPIY, A DOPPER, OR
EVEN A COMMUNIST--
THAT SAYS A LOT
ABOUT WHO DOES
THE CALLING.

BUT I
SERVED MY COUNTRY
FOR THREE LONG
YEARS IN NAM...

..AND SO DID JOHN
WONKTENDONK.

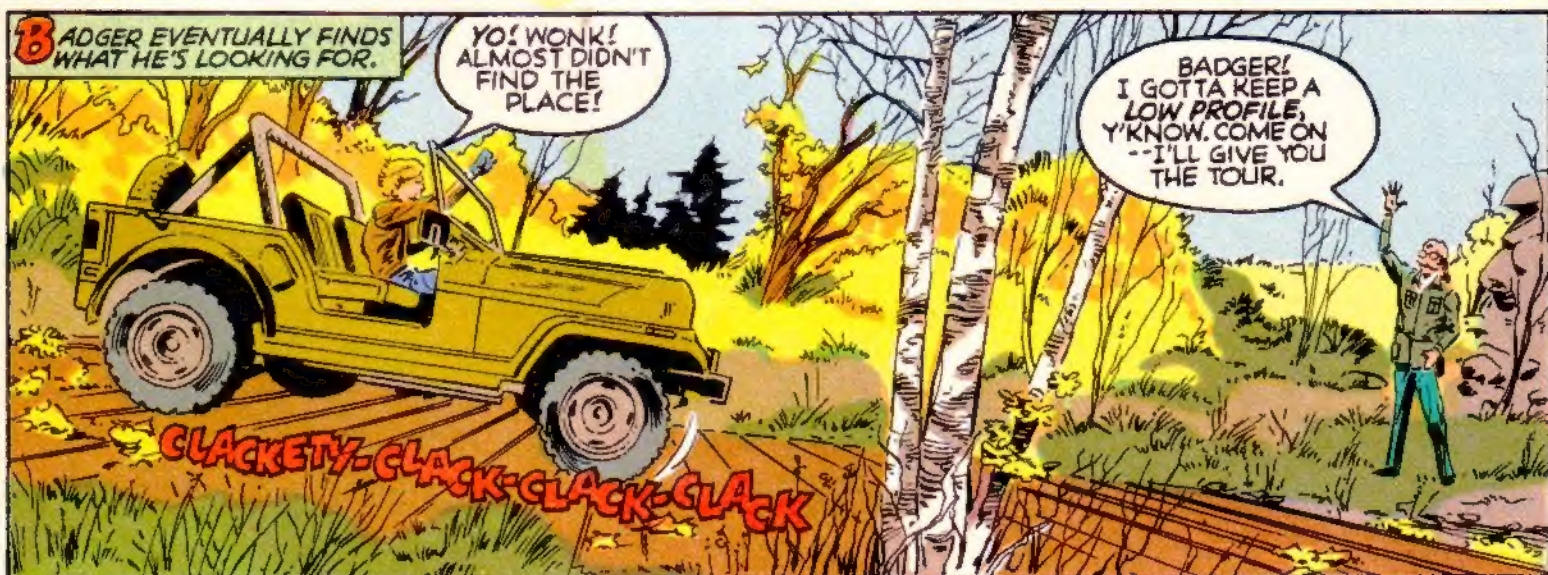


I DON'T PAY FOR
WARM BEER.

OHHH--

HOLY MOLY--
WAIT UNTIL
HODAG HEARS
ABOUT THIS!

ARE YOU KIDDING?
HODAG'LL LOVE IT. IT'S
RIGHT UP HIS
ALLEY.

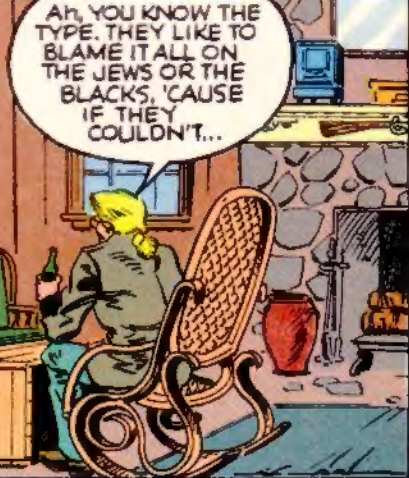
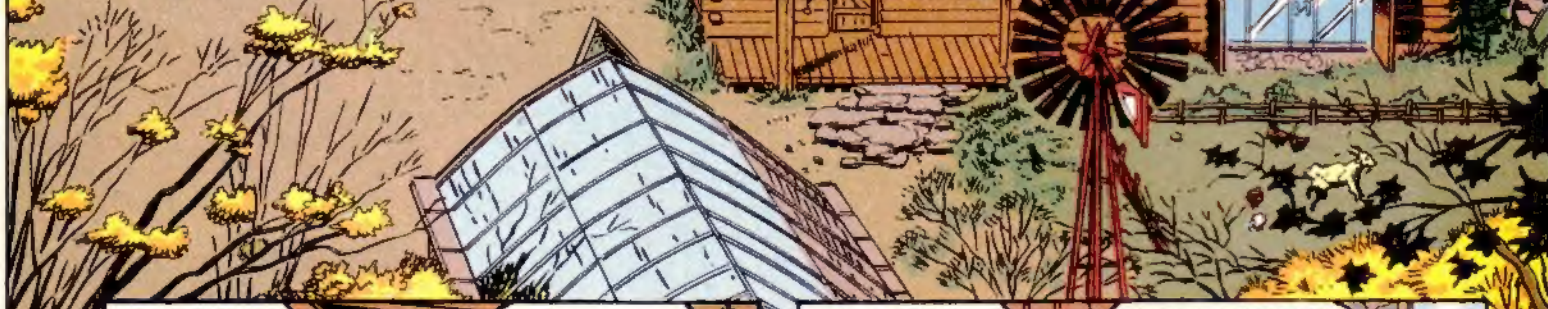
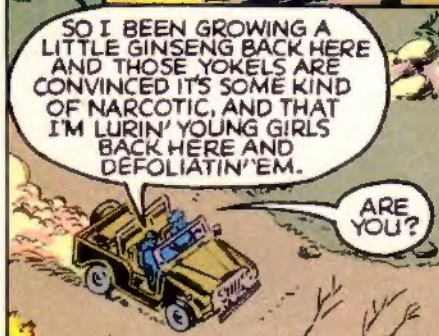
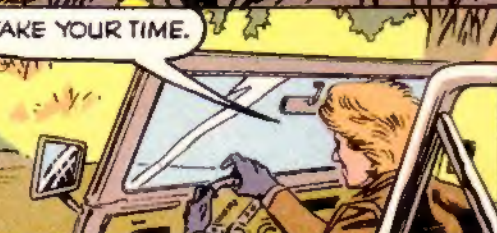
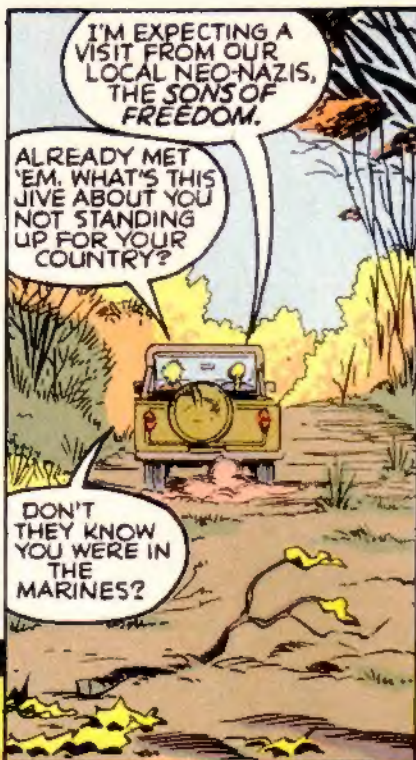


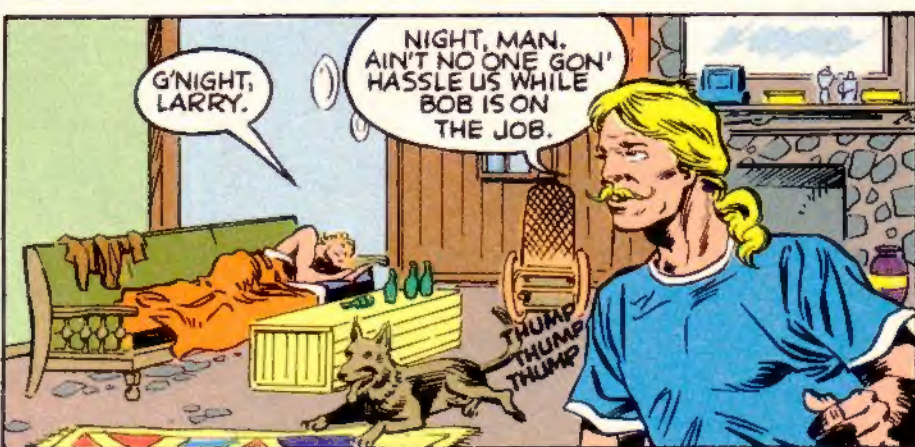
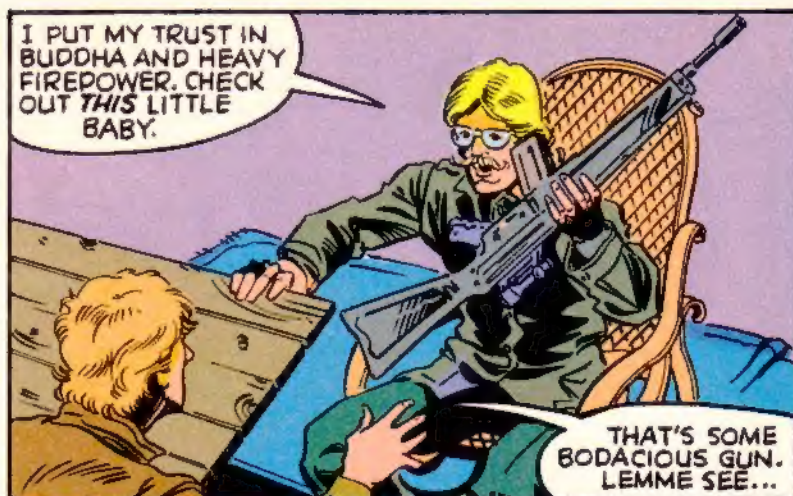
BADGER EVENTUALLY FINDS
WHAT HE'S LOOKING FOR.

YO! WONK!
ALMOST DIDN'T
FIND THE
PLACE!

BADGER!
I GOTTA KEEP A
LOW PROFILE,
Y'KNOW. COME ON
--I'LL GIVE YOU
THE TOUR.

CLACKETY-CLACK-CLACK-CLACK







SEVEN A.M. SATURDAY.
A FIELD OUTSIDE OF
FAUSTUS.

OKAY, TROOPS--
LISTEN UP! WE'RE
GOING TO BE WORKING
THE FOREST NEAR THAT PINKO
FAGGOT DOPEHEAD
WONKTENDONK--AND IT
WOULD BE JUST **TOO BAD**
IF ANYTHING HAPPENED
TO HIS DOPE
FIELD OR HIS
HOUSE. GET ME?

YEAH.

WE
HEAR YOU,
HODAG.

NOW SOME OF YOU
HAD A RUN-IN WITH
THIS FUNNY-LOOKING
DUDE AT THE PUB, AND
YOU WERE ALL MIGHTY
IMPRESSED WITH
HIS FANCY
FOOTWORK.

WELL, I'M
HERE TO TELL YOU
BOYS, AIN'T A MAN ON
EARTH CAN BEAT THE
HODAG AT THROWIN'
HANDS--AND WHEN
WE FIND THIS DUDE,
I'M GOING TO
PROVE IT.



NOW LET'S
SUIT UP AND MOVE
OUT--YOU ALL GOT
YOUR TARGETS.

WEE-HA!
LET'S GO
GET 'EM!

BANG

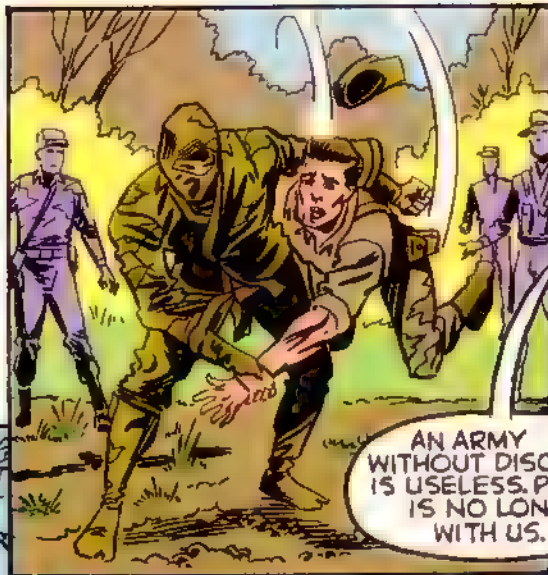


HEY, YOU LOW-
GRADE IDIOT! I
SAID **NO LIVE**
AMMO! YOU
WANT US
PLUGGING
EACH
OTHER?

TAKE IT
EASY. I LIKE
TO START THE DAY
WITH A LIVE
ROUND.



CRACK



DEEP IN THE WOODS.

AN ARMY WITHOUT DISCIPLINE IS USELESS. PERKINS IS NO LONGER WITH US.

THUD

MY GINSENG PATCH IS JUST AHEAD-- WE'RE BUTTING UP AGAINST A WINNEBAGO INDIAN RESERVATION...

THAT'S A STATE FOREST ON THE LEFT. IT'S VIRTUALLY WILDERNESS FROM HERE ON IN. LOW-GRADE WILDERNESS, BUT NONETHELESS...

YOU GOT TITLE TO YOUR PATCH?

LIKE, IT'S TRICKY, MAN. I LEASE THE LAND FROM THE WINNEBAGO... IT'S SORT OF UNDER-THE-TABLE...

WHAT ABOUT THIS HERE SCOUT? IS HE FRIENDLY OR HOSTILE?

WHAT SCOUT? WHAT YOU TALKIN' ABOUT?

MAN, YOU'RE LOOSIN' YOUR TOUCH. THIS SCOUT, HUNKERED DOWN IN THE WEEDS ABOUT FIFTEEN FEET IN FRONT OF US.

LIKE, HOW, MAN.

I'M, LIKE, AN INDIAN, MAN. WHAT CAN I SAY?

GODDAMN, MELDRUM!

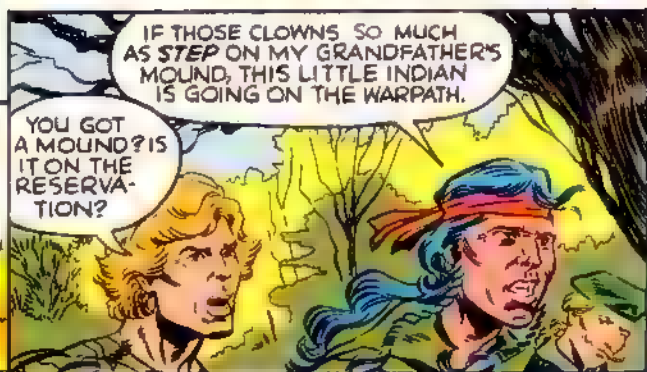




MELDRUM FUNMAKER,
THIS HERE'S THE
BADGER.

HEY, MAN.

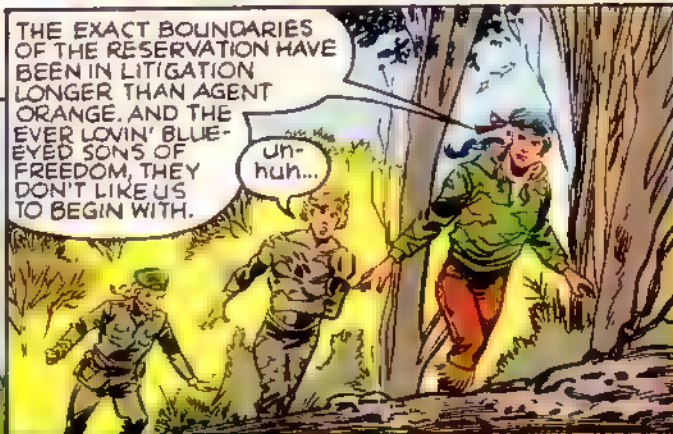
TODAY'S
THE BIG DAY,
MELDRUM.



IF THOSE CLOWNS SO MUCH
AS STEP ON MY GRANDFATHER'S
MOUND, THIS LITTLE INDIAN
IS GOING ON THE WARPATH.

YOU GOT
A MOUND? IS
IT ON THE RESERVA-
TION?

THERE SHE BE, MAN. THERE'S
WONK'S PATCH OFF TO THE LEFT.
THE FLESH OF MY ANCES TORS
IS NOURISHING, huh?



THE EXACT BOUNDARIES
OF THE RESERVATION HAVE
BEEN IN LITIGATION
LONGER THAN AGENT
ORANGE. AND THE
EVER LOVIN' BLUE-
EYED SONS OF
FREEDOM, THEY
DON'T LIKE US
TO BEGIN WITH.

un-
huh...

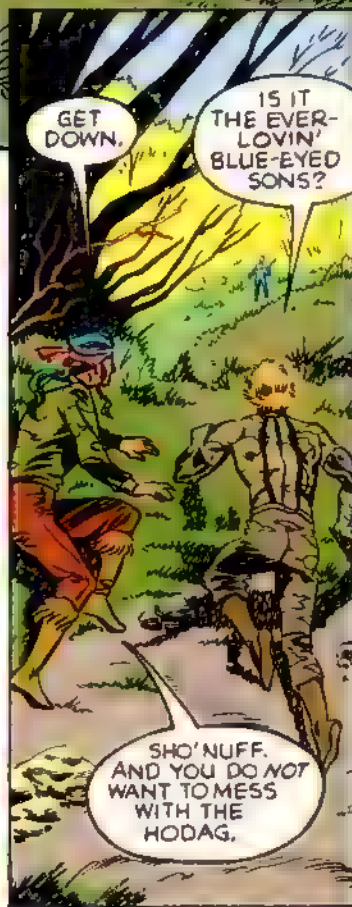
THAT'S A
BEAUTIFUL MOUND,
WHAT IS IT? A
A SQUIRREL WITH
A THYROID
CONDITION?

NO, MAN.
IT'S A TURTLE!
I THOUGHT YOU
KNEW
ANIMALS.



OH, YEAH.
NOW I
SEE...

Shhh...



GET
DOWN.

IS IT
THE EVER-
LOVIN'
BLUE-EYED
SONS?

SHO' NUFF.
AND YOU DO NOT
WANT TO MESS
WITH THE
HODAG.

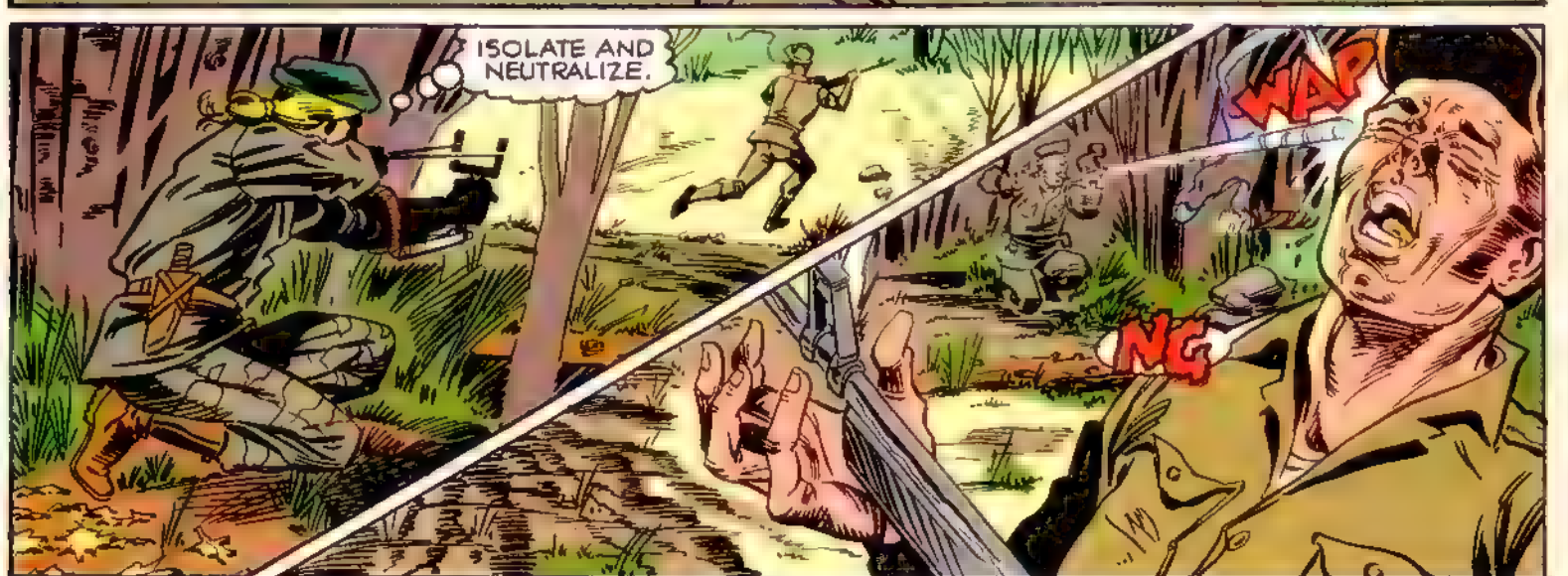
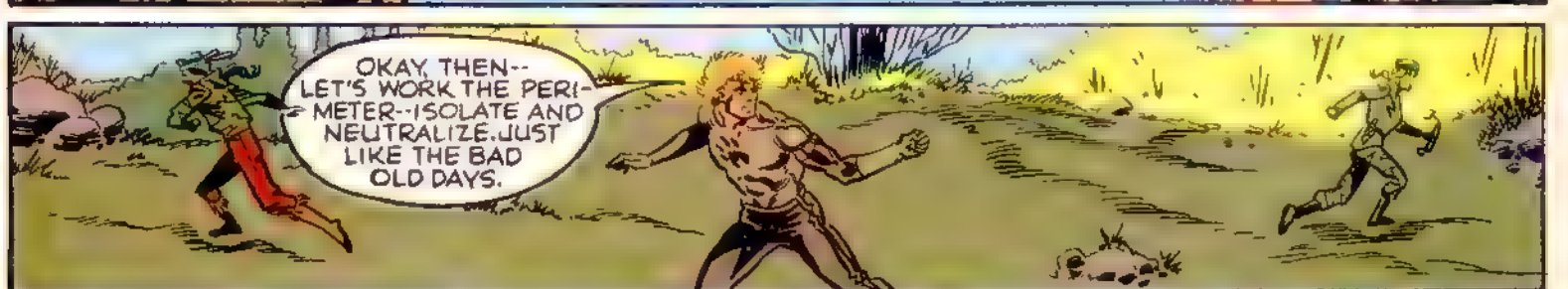
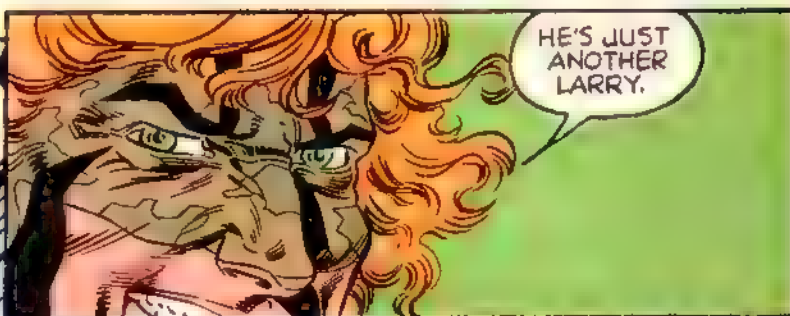


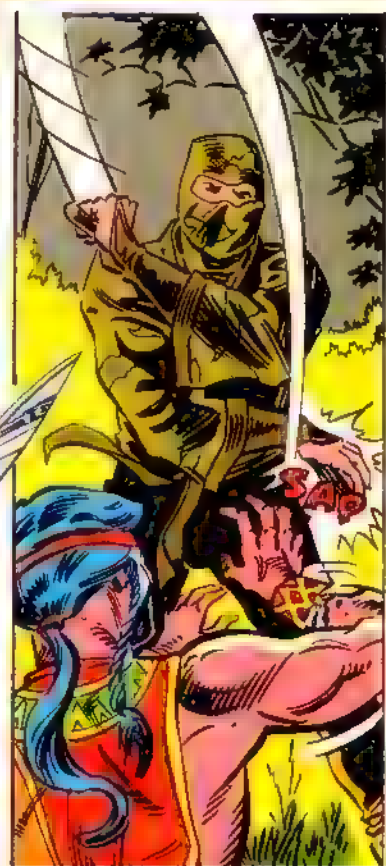
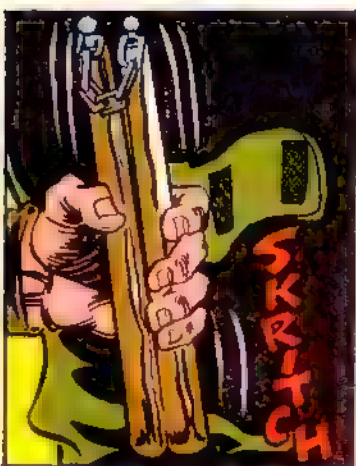
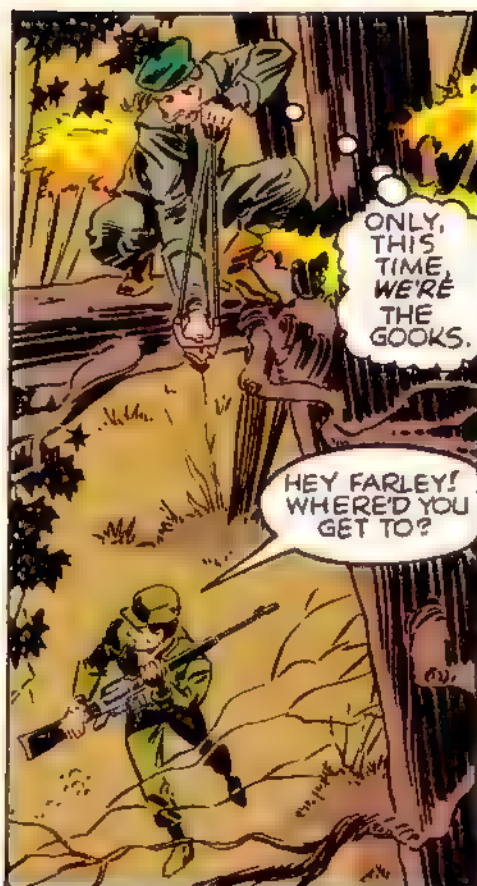
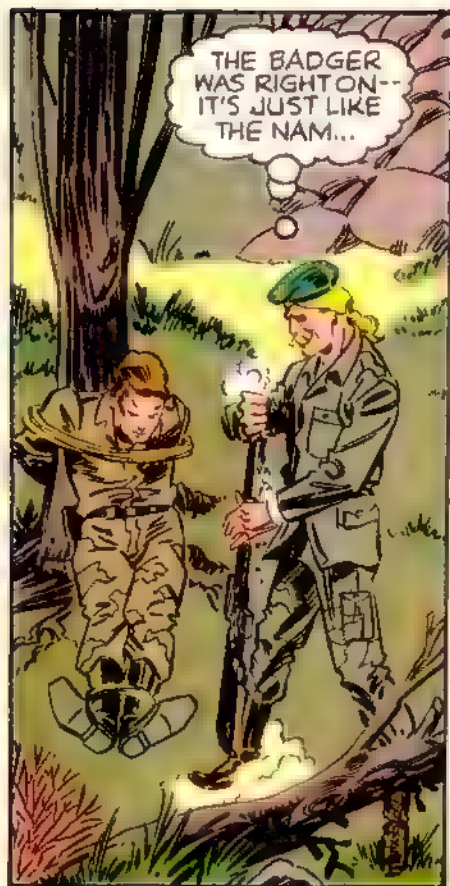
HODAG?

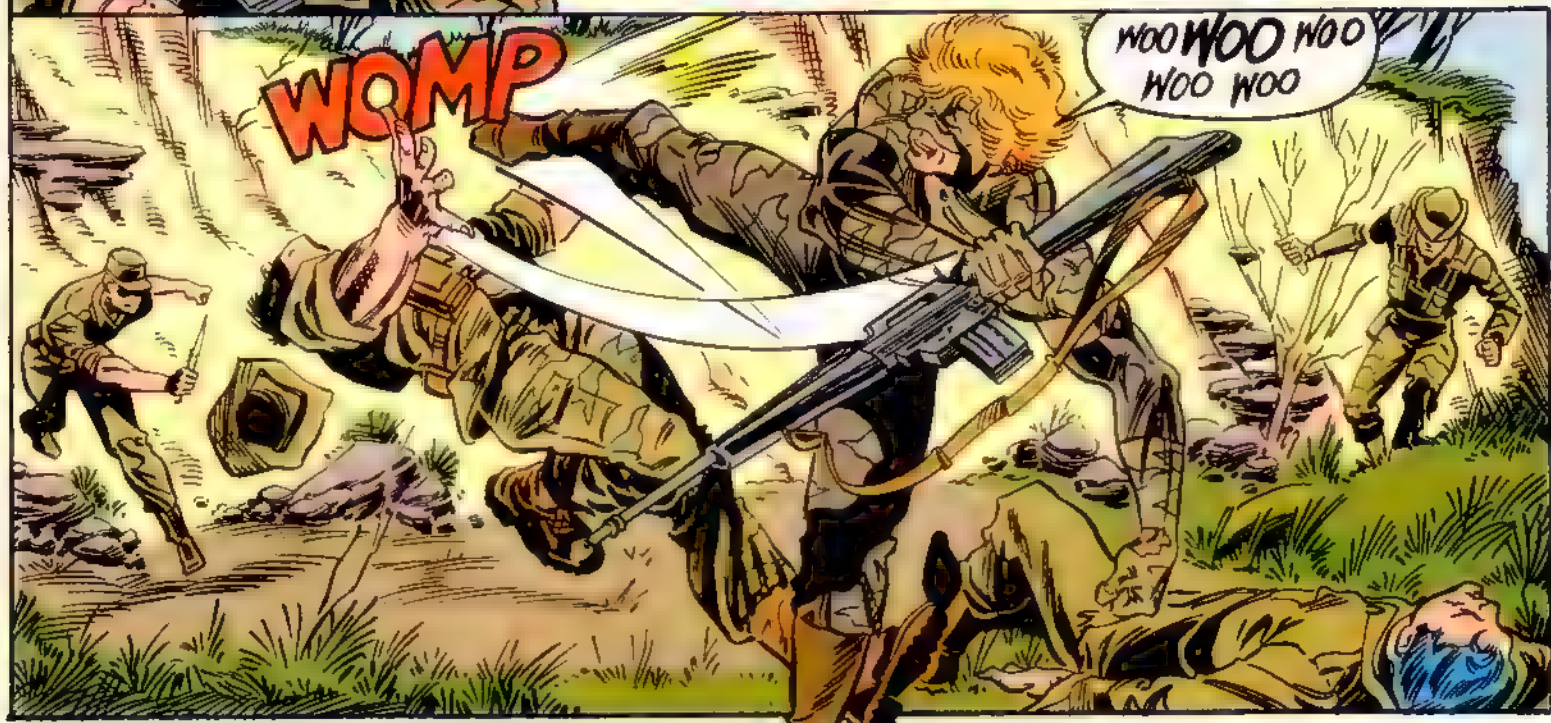
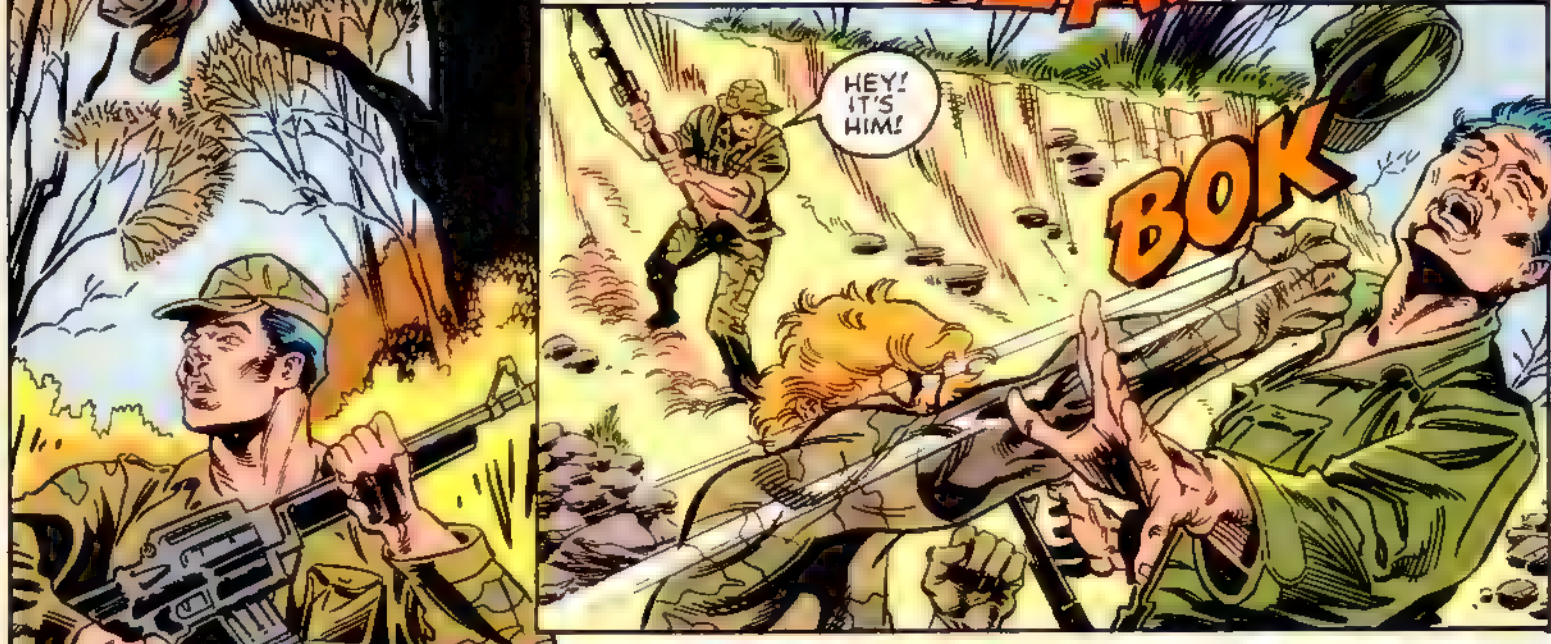
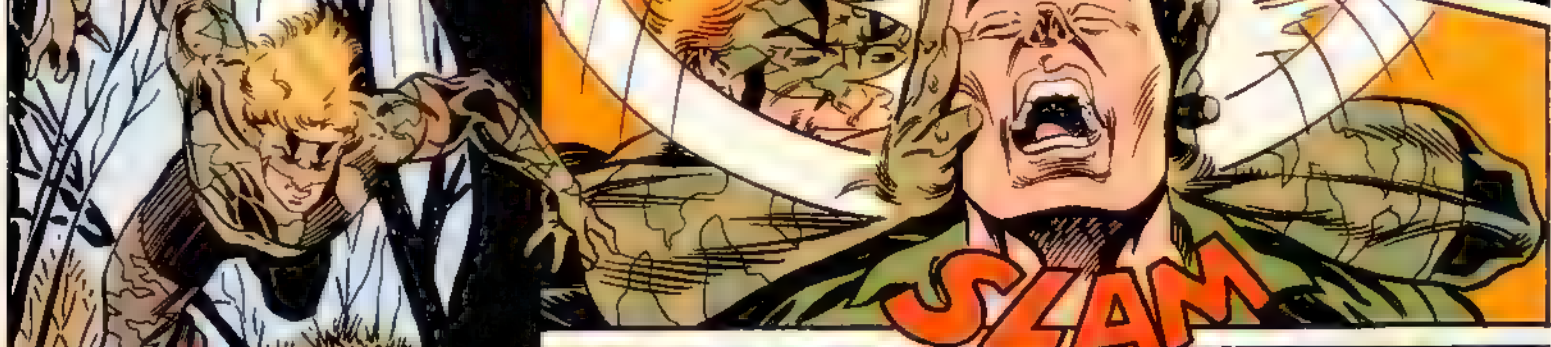
DAS LOCAL
FURHER. EX-GREEN
BERET. TOP TEN
RATING. PROFESSIONAL
KARATE ASSOCIATION.
A REAL HARD ASS.

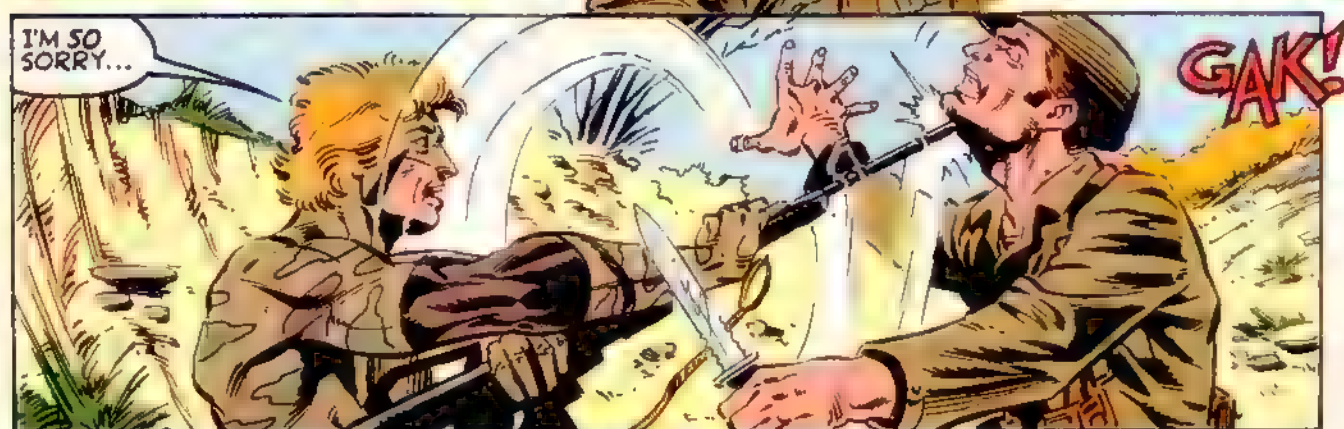
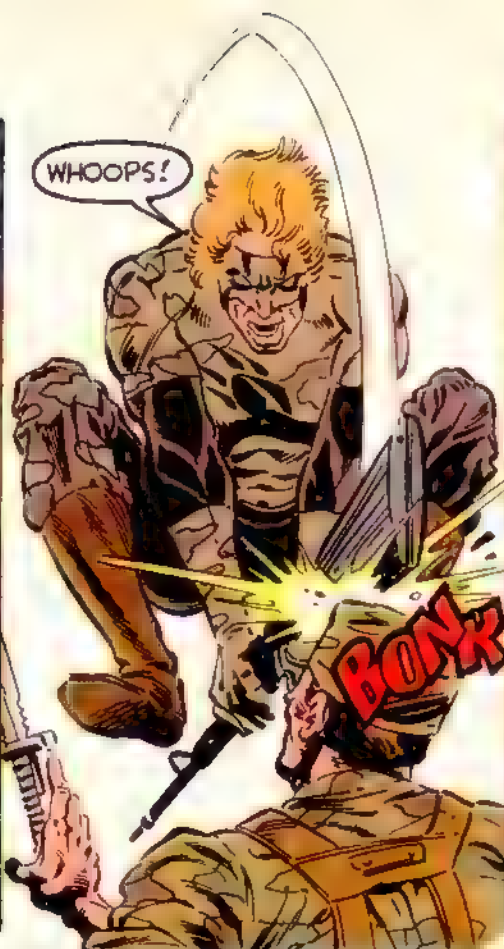
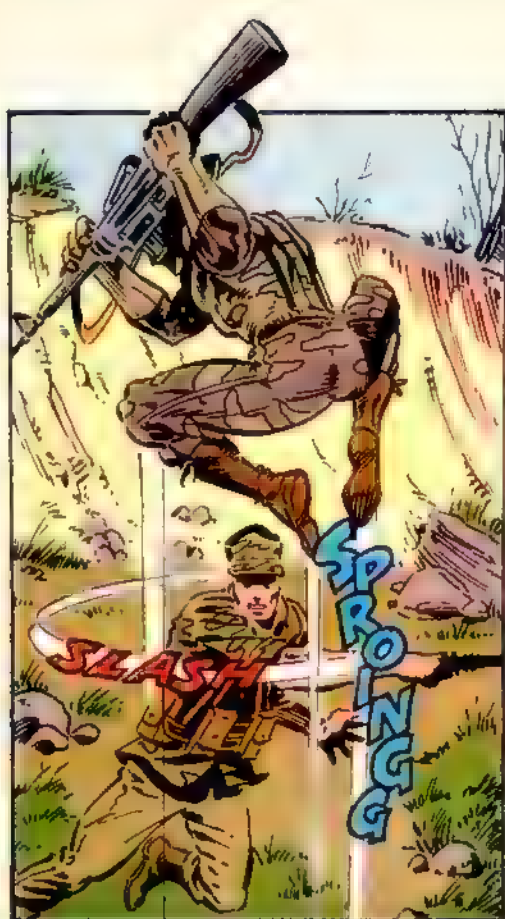


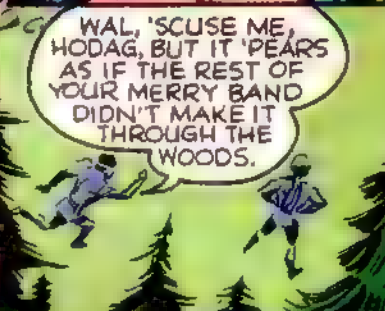
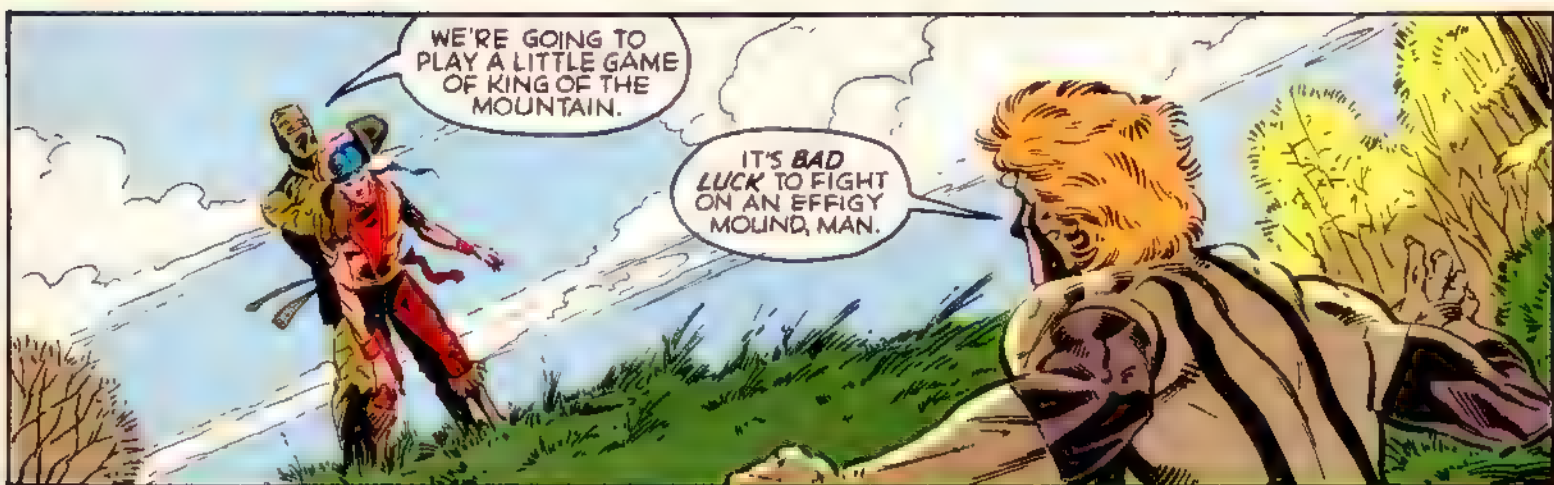
HIS REAL NAME'S
PETE CARTER. A
LOCAL BOY. HE QUIT
THE PKA WHEN HE
GOT RELIGION.
CAME BACK HERE
TO FLOT DAS
FOURTH REICH.











TAKE IT REAL SLOW, MEL. YOU MIGHT HAVE SOME DAMAGE TO YOUR NECK.

BADGER'S UP ON THE MOUND, FACING OFF WITH HODAG.

OH...HH...

TOO LATE FOR THAT, BRO, LOOK.

THEY CAN'T DO THAT! IT'S BAD LUCK TO FIGHT ON AN EFFIGY MOUND! REAL BAD LUCK!

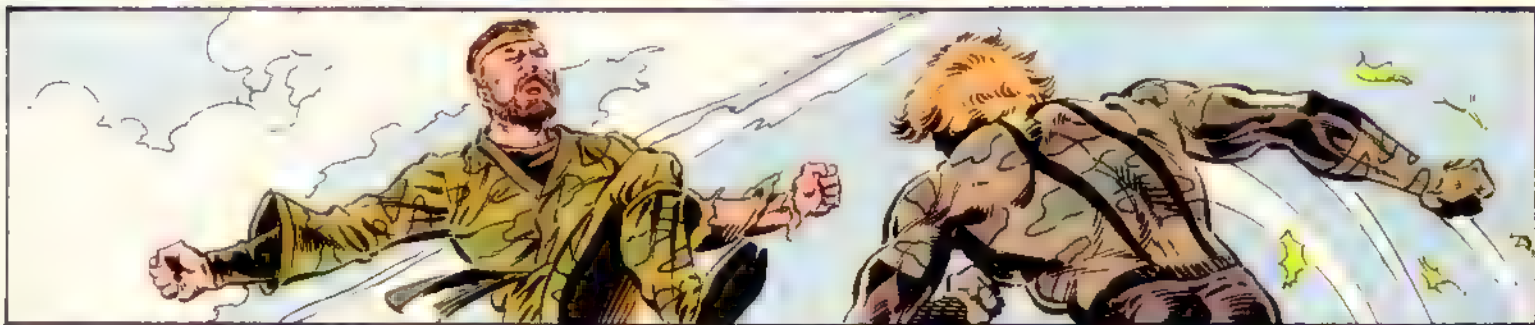
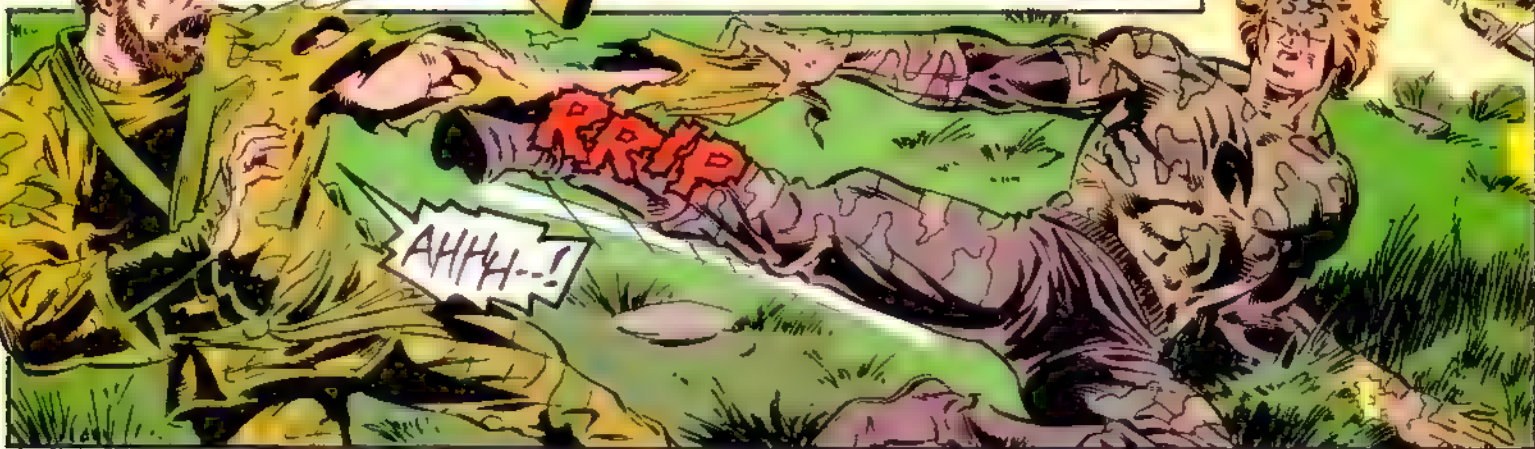
YOU WAS IN NAM. YOU'RE A WHITE CHRISTIAN MALE. HOW COME YOU AREN'T WITH US?

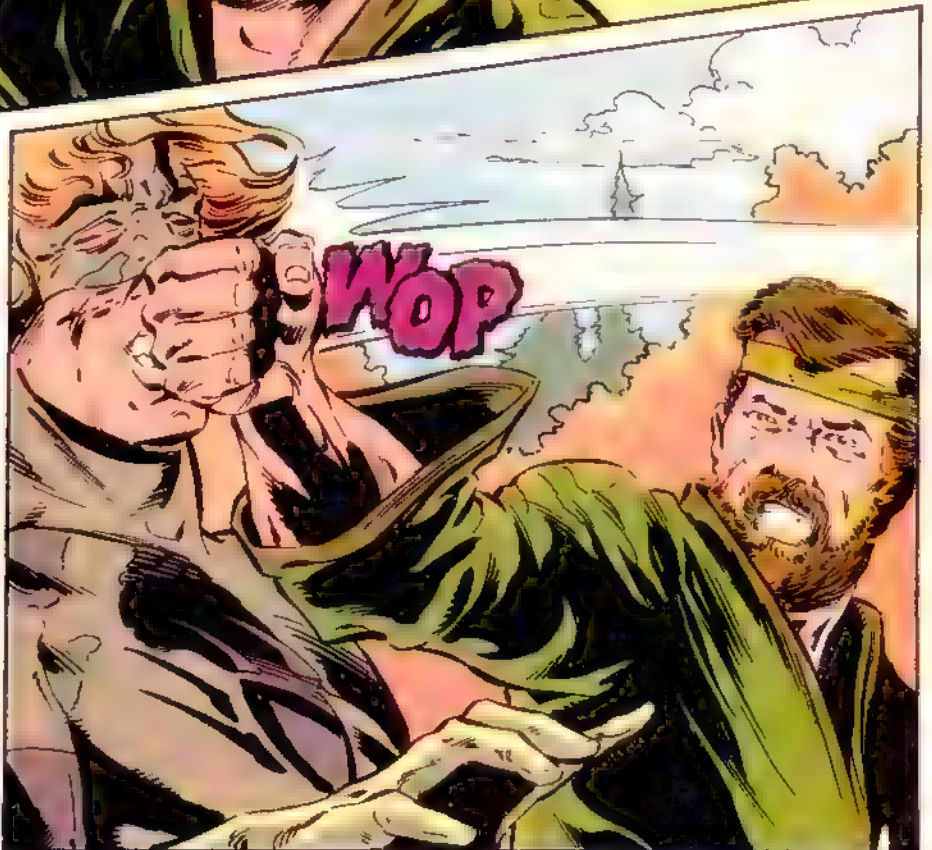
HEY, NO PHILOSOPHY, OKAY? I'M SUPPOSED TO BE ON VACATION. LET'S JUST KICK ASS.

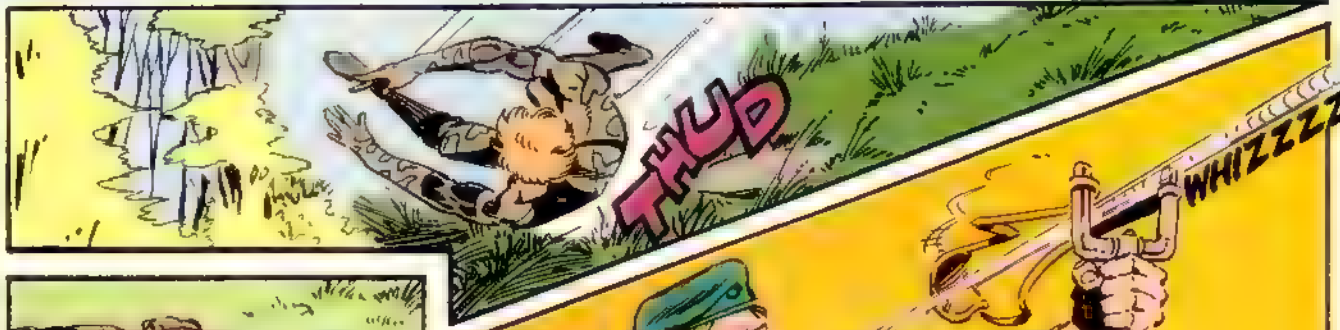
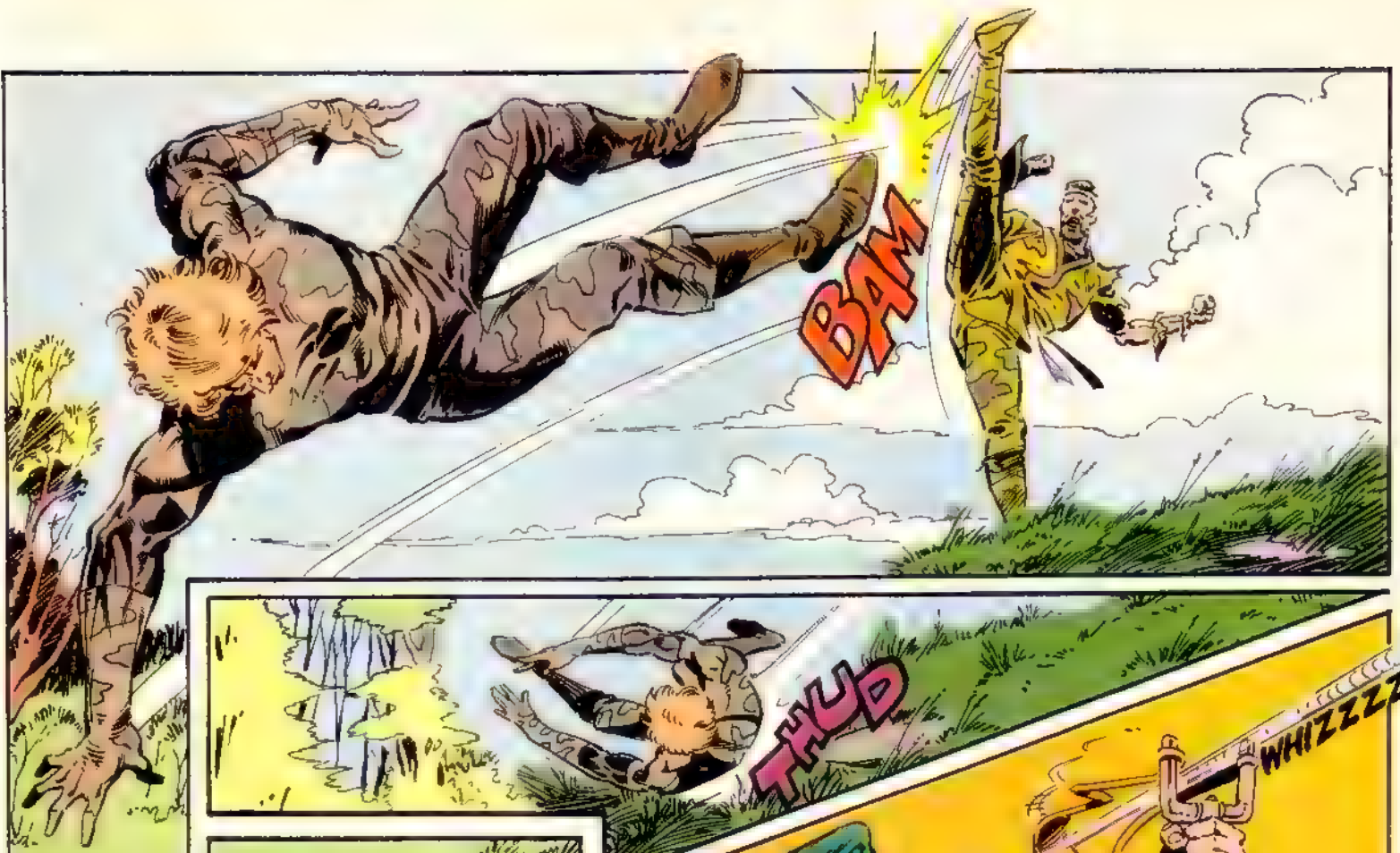
HUN-GA!

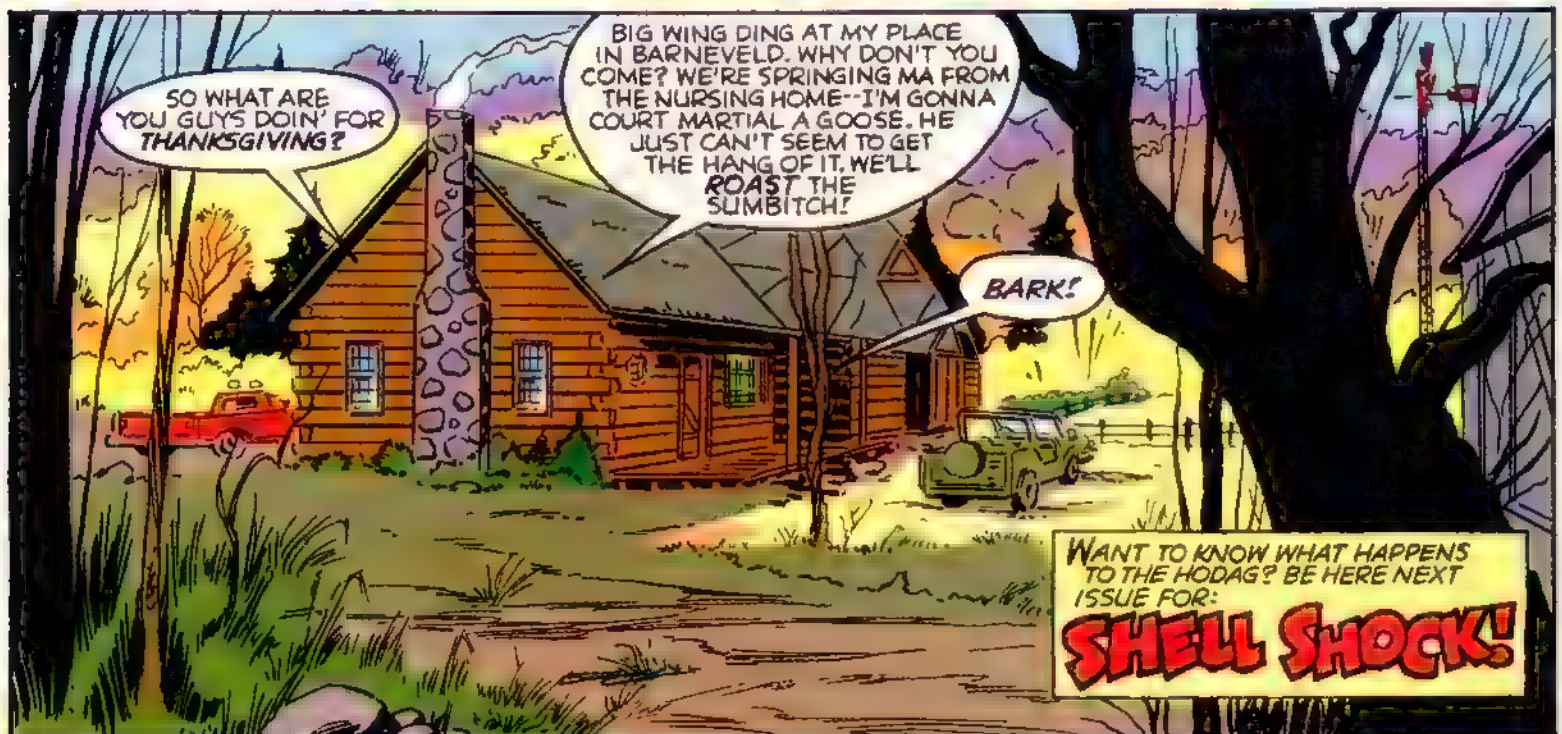
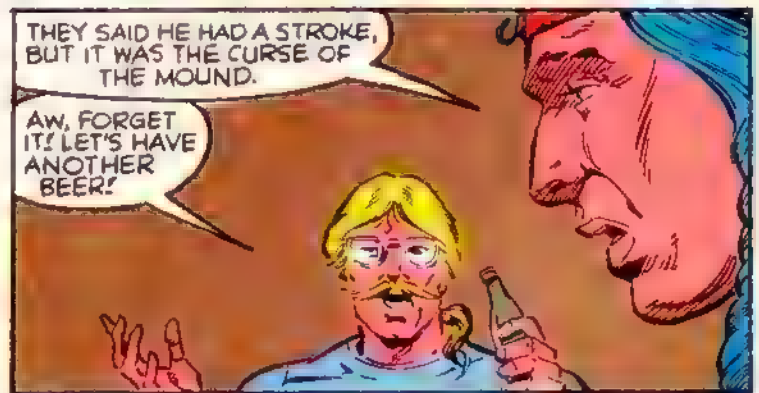
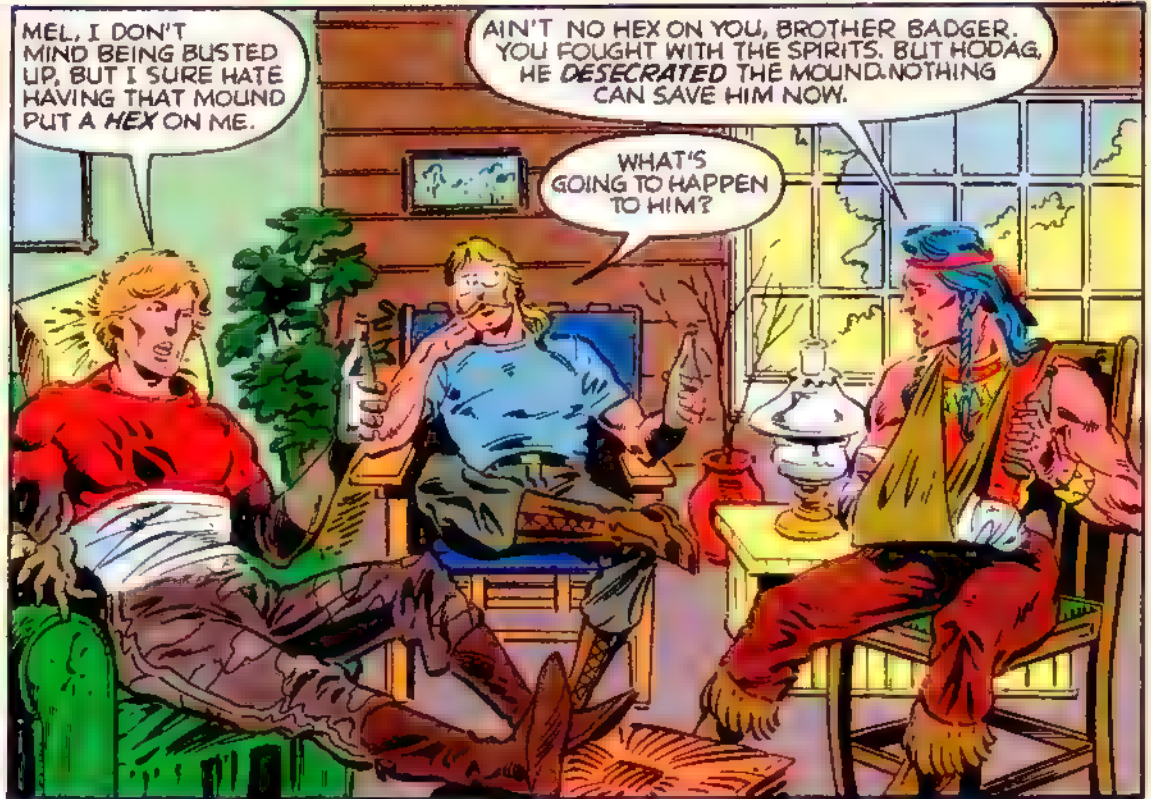
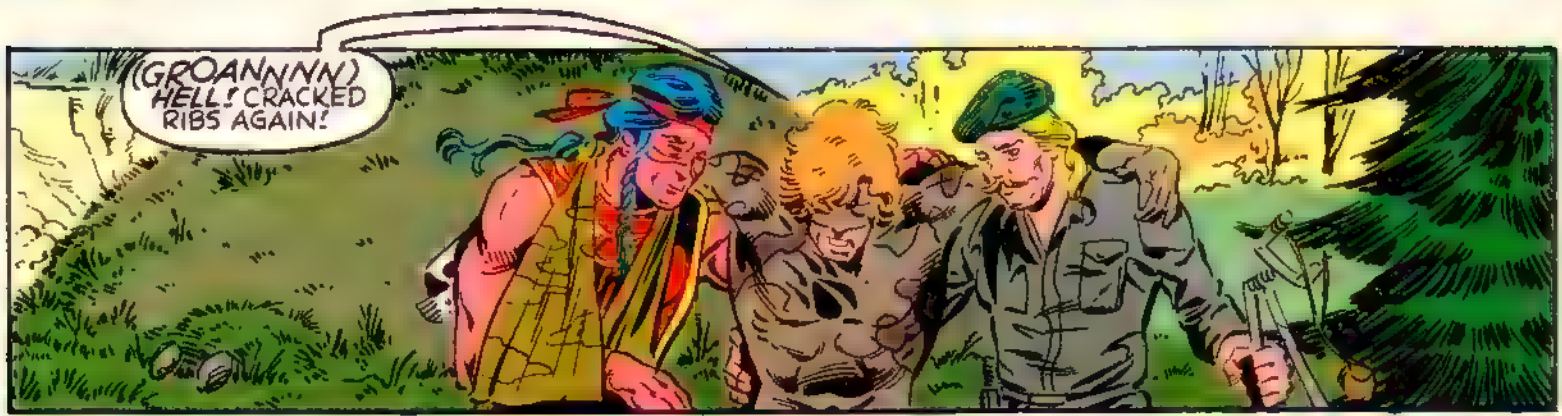
HUNGA-DUNGA!

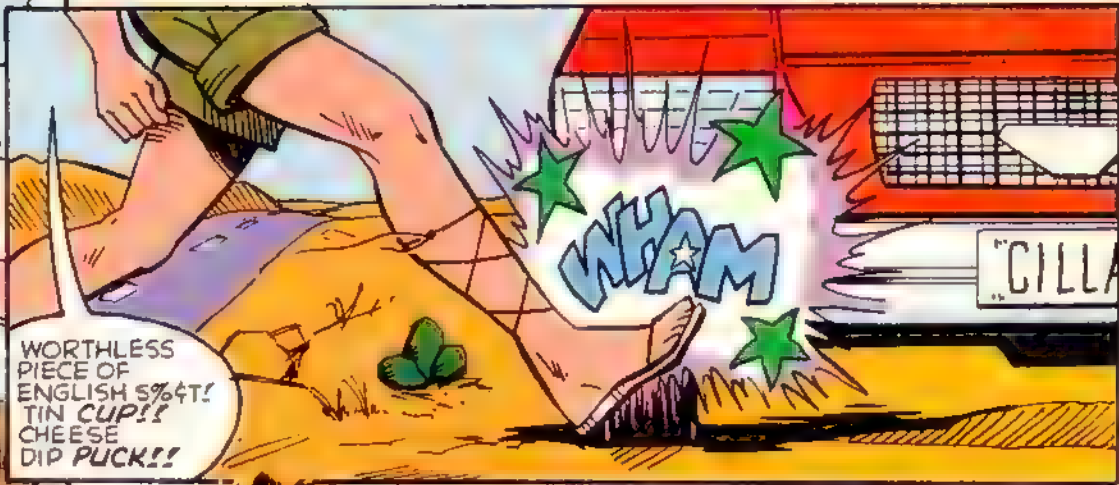
SWOOSH





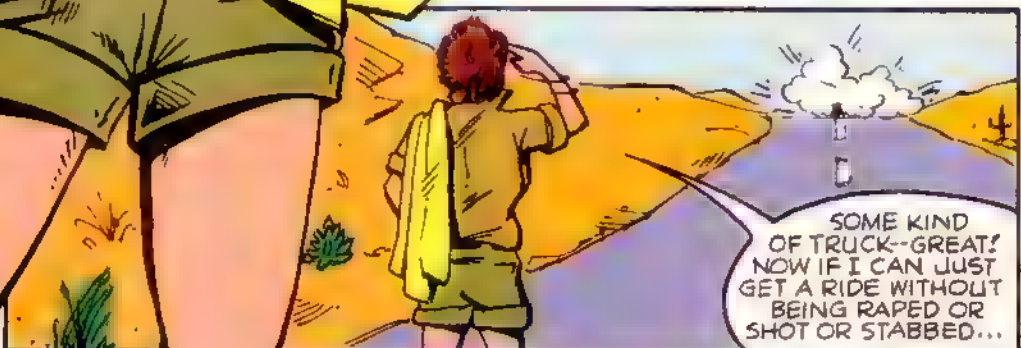
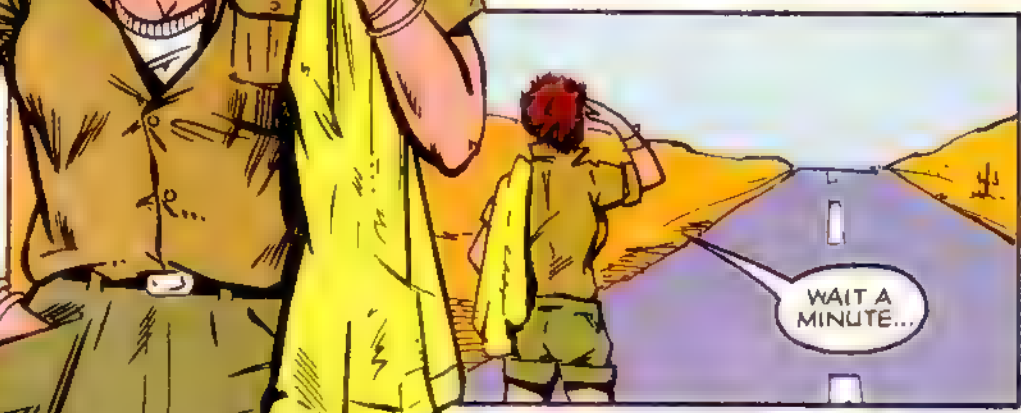
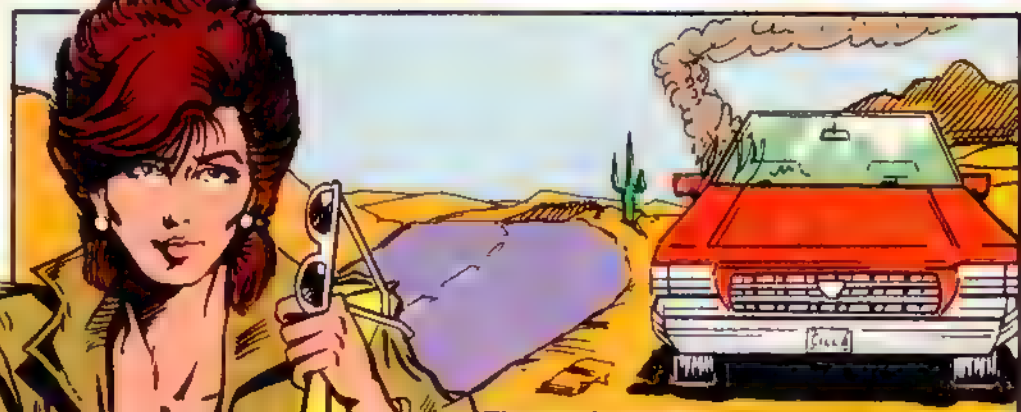
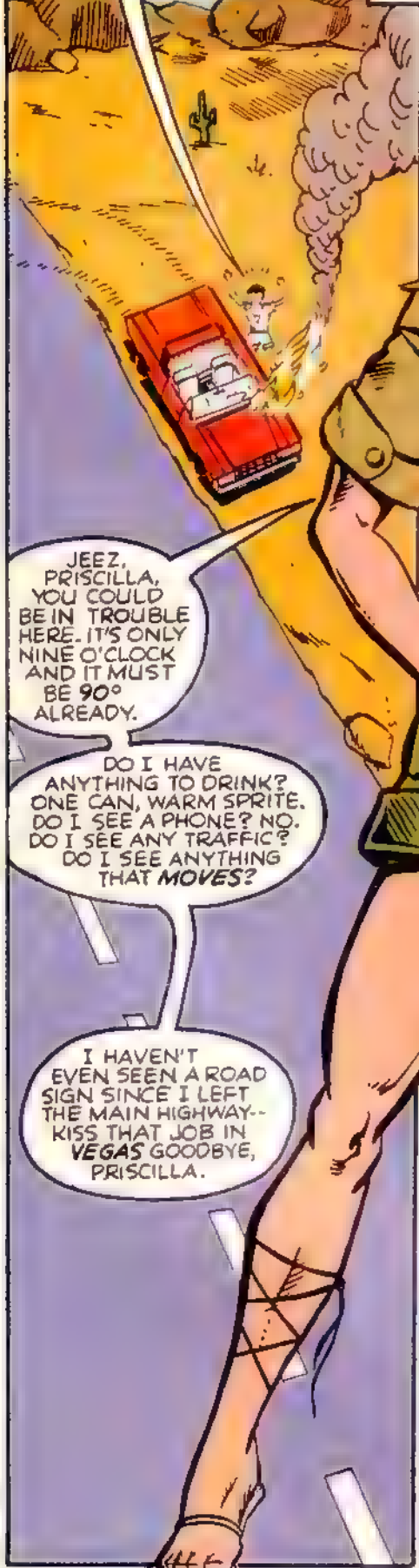






WORTHLESS
PIECE OF
ENGLISH S%&T!
TIN CUP!!
CHEESE
DIP PUCK!!

☉★#♂%!!



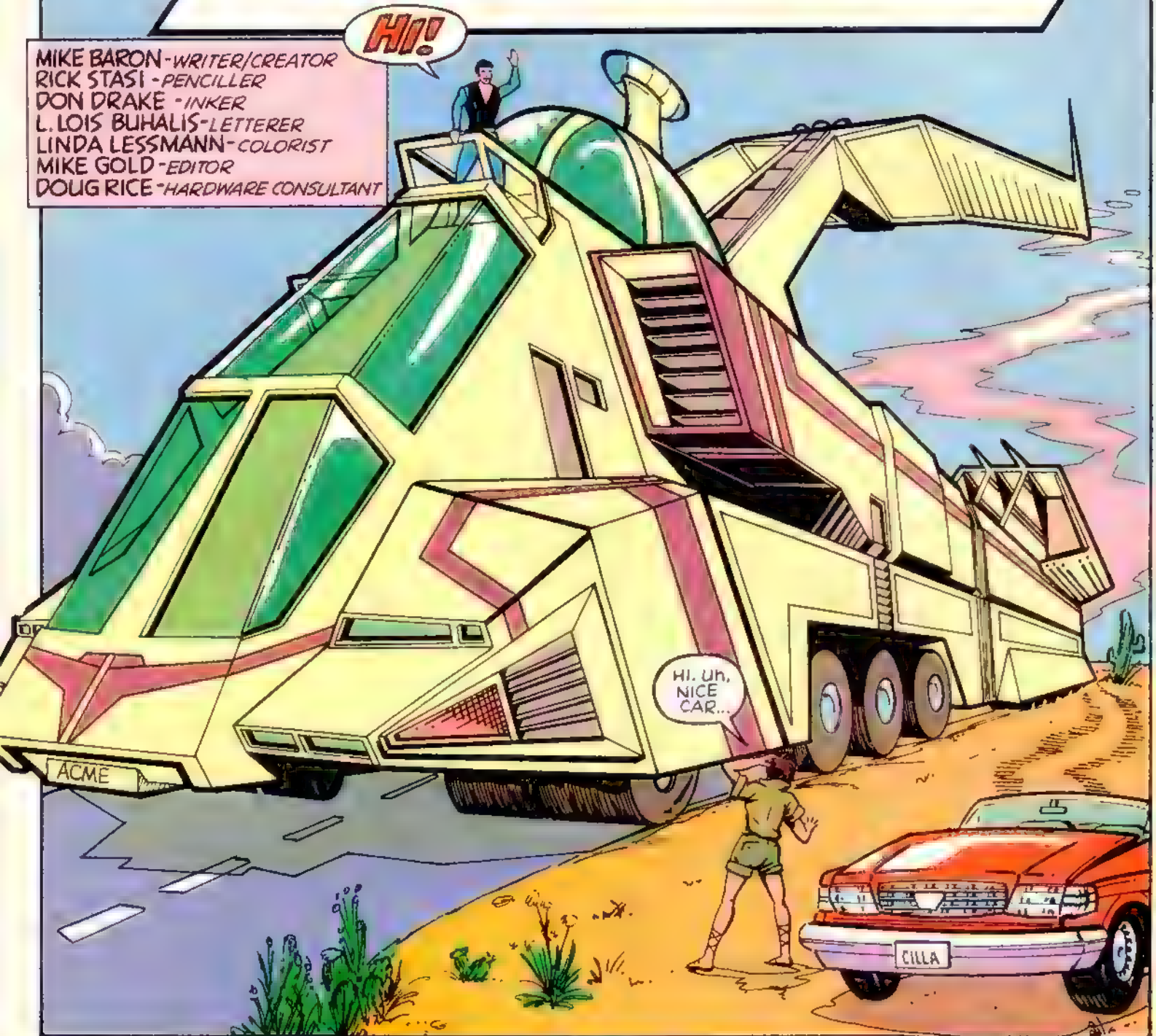
JEEZ,
PRISCILLA,
YOU COULD
BE IN TROUBLE
HERE. IT'S ONLY
NINE O'CLOCK
AND IT MUST
BE 90°
ALREADY.

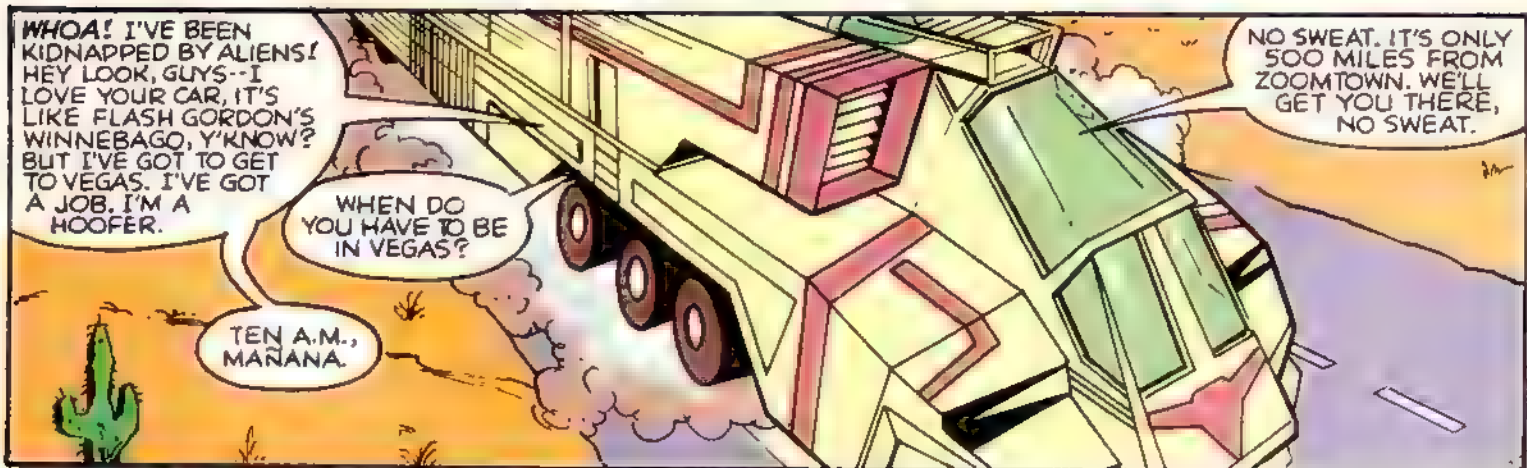
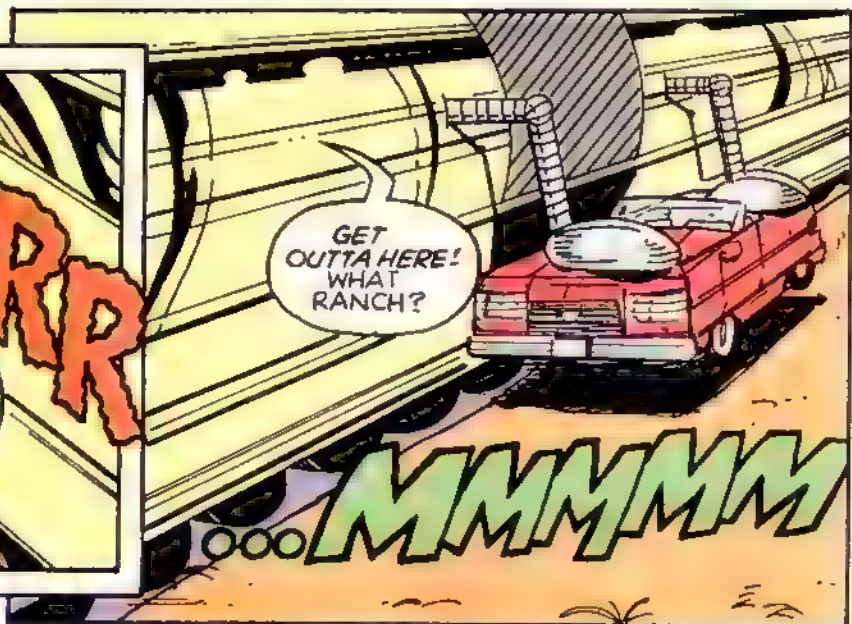
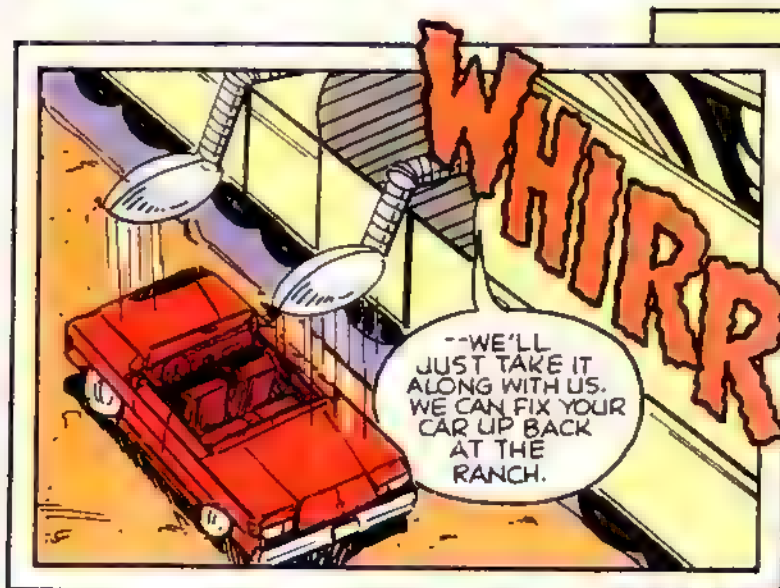
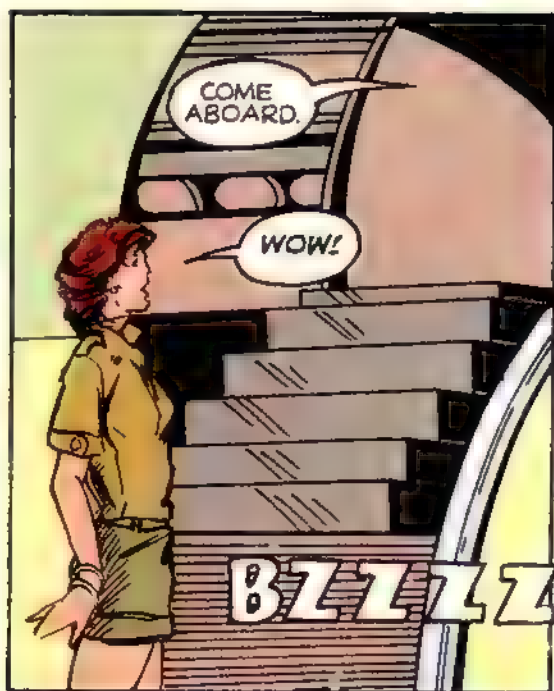
DO I HAVE
ANYTHING TO DRINK?
ONE CAN, WARM SPRITE.
DO I SEE A PHONE? NO.
DO I SEE ANY TRAFFIC?
DO I SEE ANYTHING
THAT MOVES?

I HAVEN'T
EVEN SEEN A ROAD
SIGN SINCE I LEFT
THE MAIN HIGHWAY--
KISS THAT JOB IN
VEGAS GOODBYE,
PRISCILLA.

ZOOMTOWN™

MIKE BARON - WRITER/CREATOR
RICK STASI - PENCILLER
DON DRAKE - INKER
L. LOIS BUHALIS - LETTERER
LINDA LESSMANN - COLORIST
MIKE GOLD - EDITOR
DOUG RICE - HARDWARE CONSULTANT







Unh-huh. NO SWEAT. I'M BEING KIDNAPPED BY ALIENS, BUT I'M NOT SWEATING.

RELAX, MISS. YOU'RE NOT BEING KIDNAPPED. LOOK--WE'LL SET YOU DOWN RIGHT HERE, IF YOU LIKE. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?



PRISCILLA DILWORTH. I HAVE A JOB WITH THE JO FOSTER DANCE COMPANY AT THE MGM GRAND... THEY'RE EXPECTING ME.

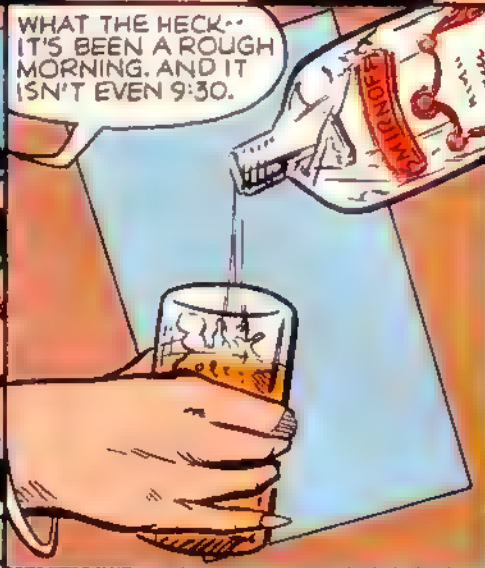


DO WE LOOK LIKE KIDNAPPERS?

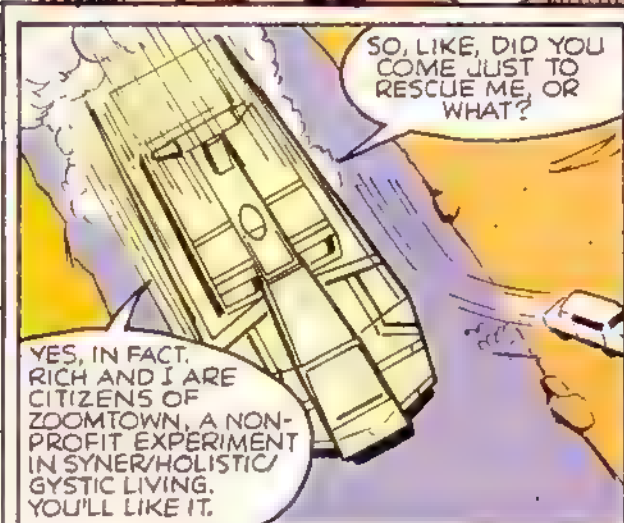
FRESH SQUEEZED ORANGE JUICE?

WANT A LITTLE VODKA IN THAT?

NO. YES.

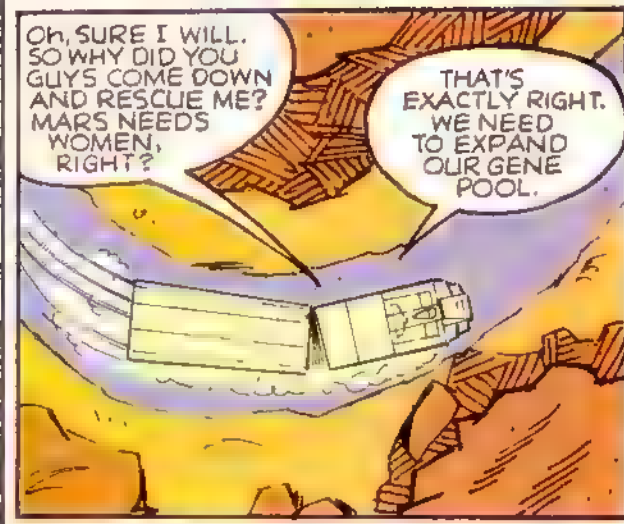


WHAT THE HECK-- IT'S BEEN A ROUGH MORNING. AND IT ISN'T EVEN 9:30.



SO, LIKE, DID YOU COME JUST TO RESCUE ME, OR WHAT?

YES, IN FACT. RICH AND I ARE CITIZENS OF ZOOMTOWN, A NON-PROFIT EXPERIMENT IN SYNER/HOLISTIC GYSTIC LIVING. YOU'LL LIKE IT.



Oh, SURE I WILL. SO WHY DID YOU GUYS COME DOWN AND RESCUE ME? MARS NEEDS WOMEN, RIGHT?

THAT'S EXACTLY RIGHT. WE NEED TO EXPAND OUR GENE POOL.



I KNEW IT! OKAY, FUTURE-THINK--LET ME OUT RIGHT HERE! I'LL TAKE THE SUN OVER YOU FRUITCAKES!

WAIT A MINUTE! WHAT DO YOU THINK WE ARE?

DEVIL WORSHIPERS, SEX MANIACS, I DON'T REALLY CARE! STOP THIS THING AND LET ME OUT!

HEY--GIVE US A CHANCE!
WE'RE BURNING UP \$500
IN FUEL MAKING THIS
RESCUE! THE GEAR WILL
BE BEAUCOUP PISSED
IF WE DROP YOU OFF
NOW.

THE
GEAR? GET
OUTTA HERE!
WHAT'S HE--
YOUR LEADER?

YEAH,
SORT OF...

RELAX-- WE'RE
ALMOST THERE. ALL
YOU HAVE TO DO IS
TAKE A LOOK AROUND,
MEET THE GEAR...

THAT DOES IT! I
DON'T NEED NO
MANSON IN A
NYLON JUMPSUIT!
ONE SIDE, BOB!

HERE --TAKE MY
PISTOL. YOU KNOW
HOW TO WORK ONE OF
THESE THINGS? IT'S
LOADED, BELIEVE
ME. NOW YOU
CAN SHOOT
US. WE JUST
CAN'T STOP
AND LET
YOU OFF.

...AND THEN, IF YOU STILL
WANT, WE'LL FLY YOU AND YOUR
CAR TO LAS VEGAS. TAKE
ABOUT AN HOUR.

WHAT'S
WITH ALL
THE GUNS?

THAT'S
RIGHT.

YOU GUYS
GROW ALL YOUR
OWN VEGETABLES
AND STUFF?

SL
PROCE

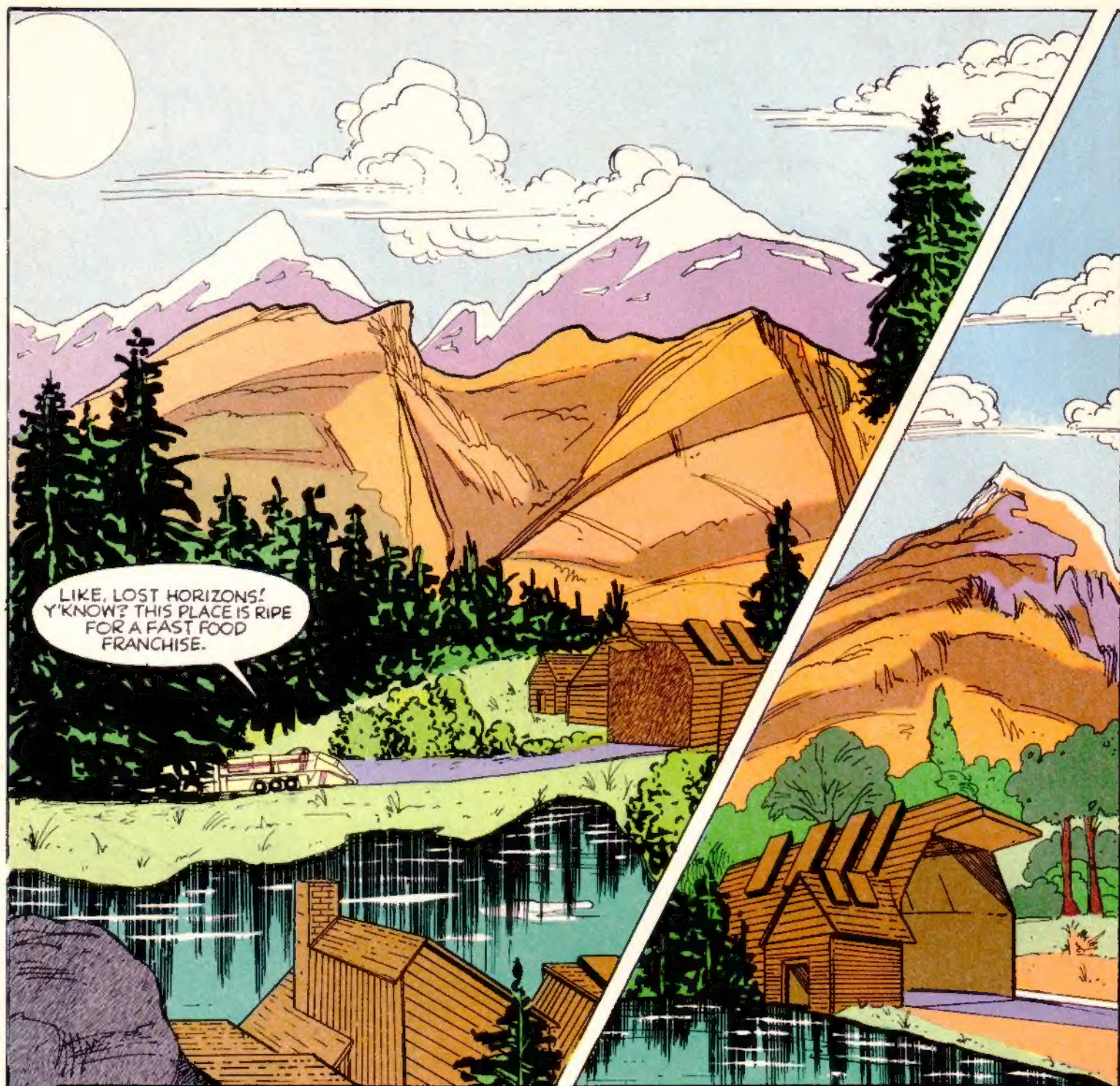
WE HAVE A
SITUATION, SORT
OF, WITH A RIVAL
COMMUNE. WANT A
HAT?

I'M NOT
SURE I'M READY
TO TAKE YOUR
HAT. WHAT KIND
OF SITUATION?

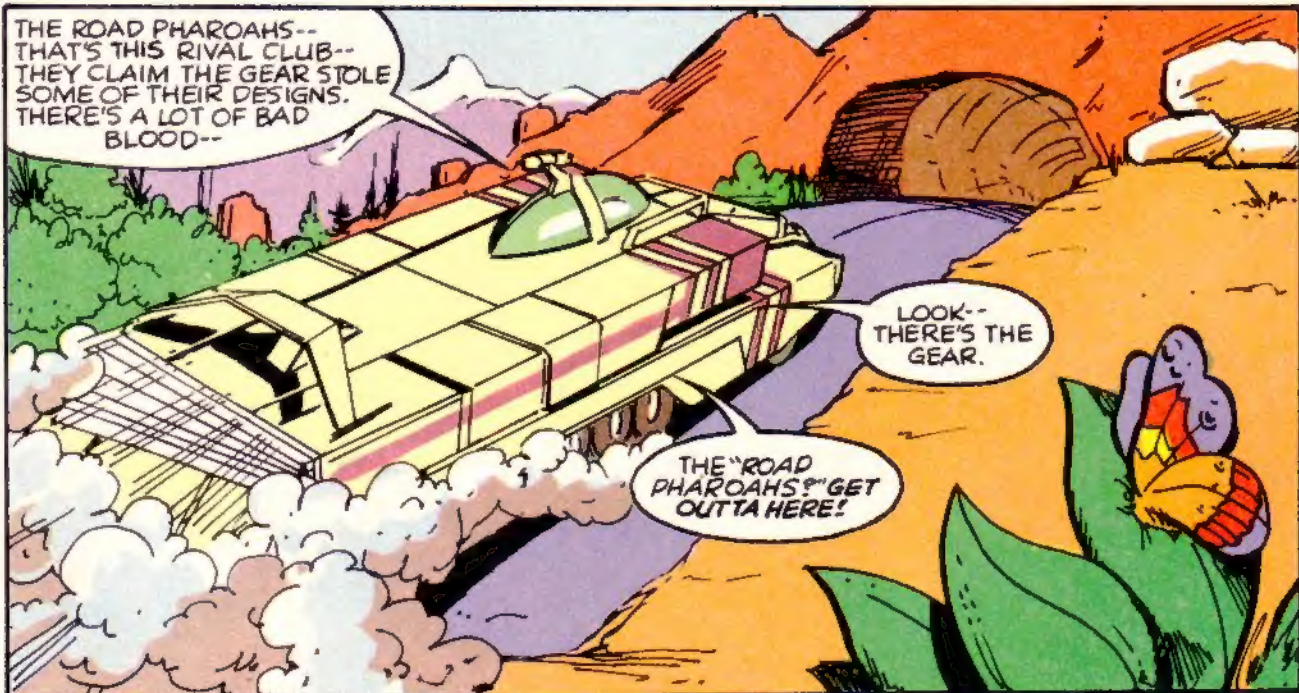
A RIVALRY, SORT OF.
THE GEAR WILL EXPLAIN.
LOOK--ZOOMTOWN LIES
RIGHT AROUND
THE BEND.

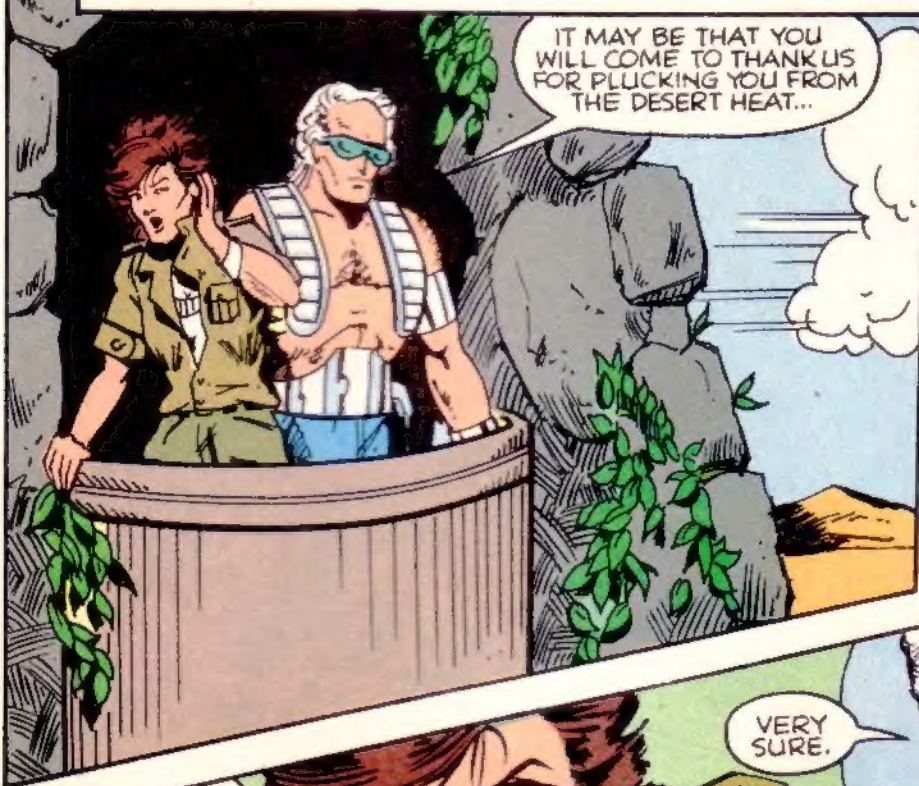
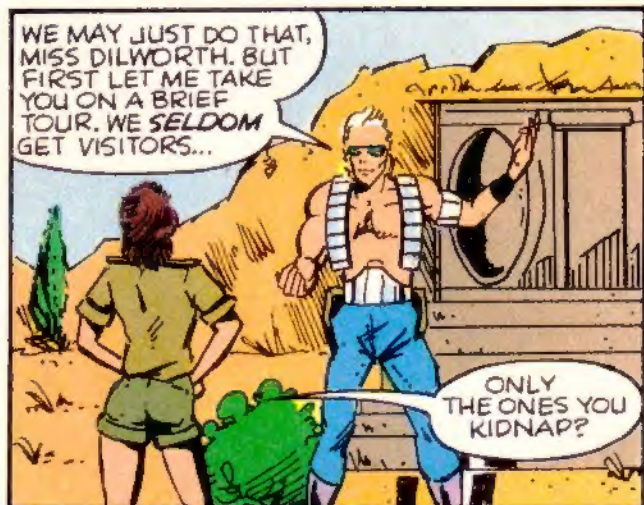
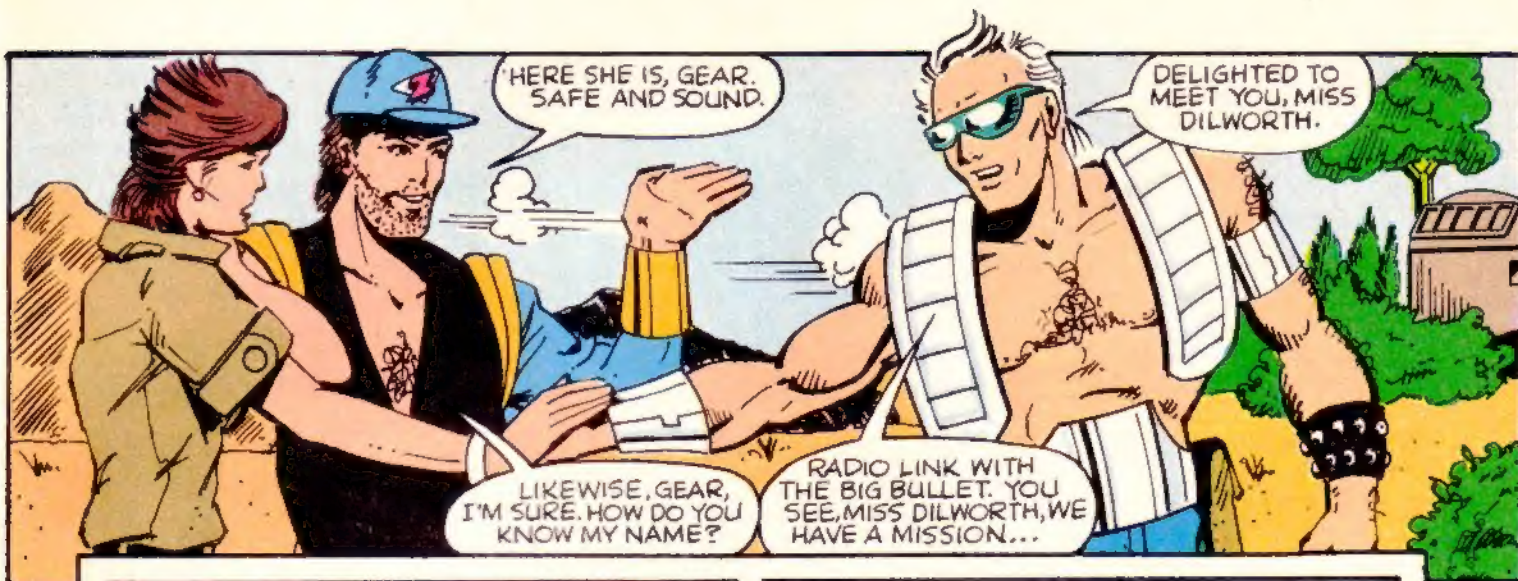
WHOA--

--WHOA--



THE ROAD PHAROAHS--
THAT'S THIS RIVAL CLUB--
THEY CLAIM THE GEAR STOLE
SOME OF THEIR DESIGNS.
THERE'S A LOT OF BAD
BLOOD--





**BONG!
BONG!
BUNG!**



IT'S SILLY, REALLY-- THEY CLAIM WE TOOK SOME OF THEIR WOMEN. THEY CAME WILLINGLY!



RELAX--YOU'LL BE OKAY. BETTER STAY INSIDE-- THERE MAY BE AN AERIAL BOMBARDMENT...



NO KIDDING--! THERE'S TERRIBLE TIM HIMSELF RIGHT OUT IN FRONT.



COUGH IT UP, GEAR! OR WE'LL TURN ZOOMTOWN INTO A GHOST TOWN!



CONTINUED!